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January 22, 1938

5¢ A COPY

Collier's

THE NATIONALLY



SENATOR PAT HARRISON

JAMES B. CONNOLLY

FRANK CONDON

MAN

AN. 22, 1938

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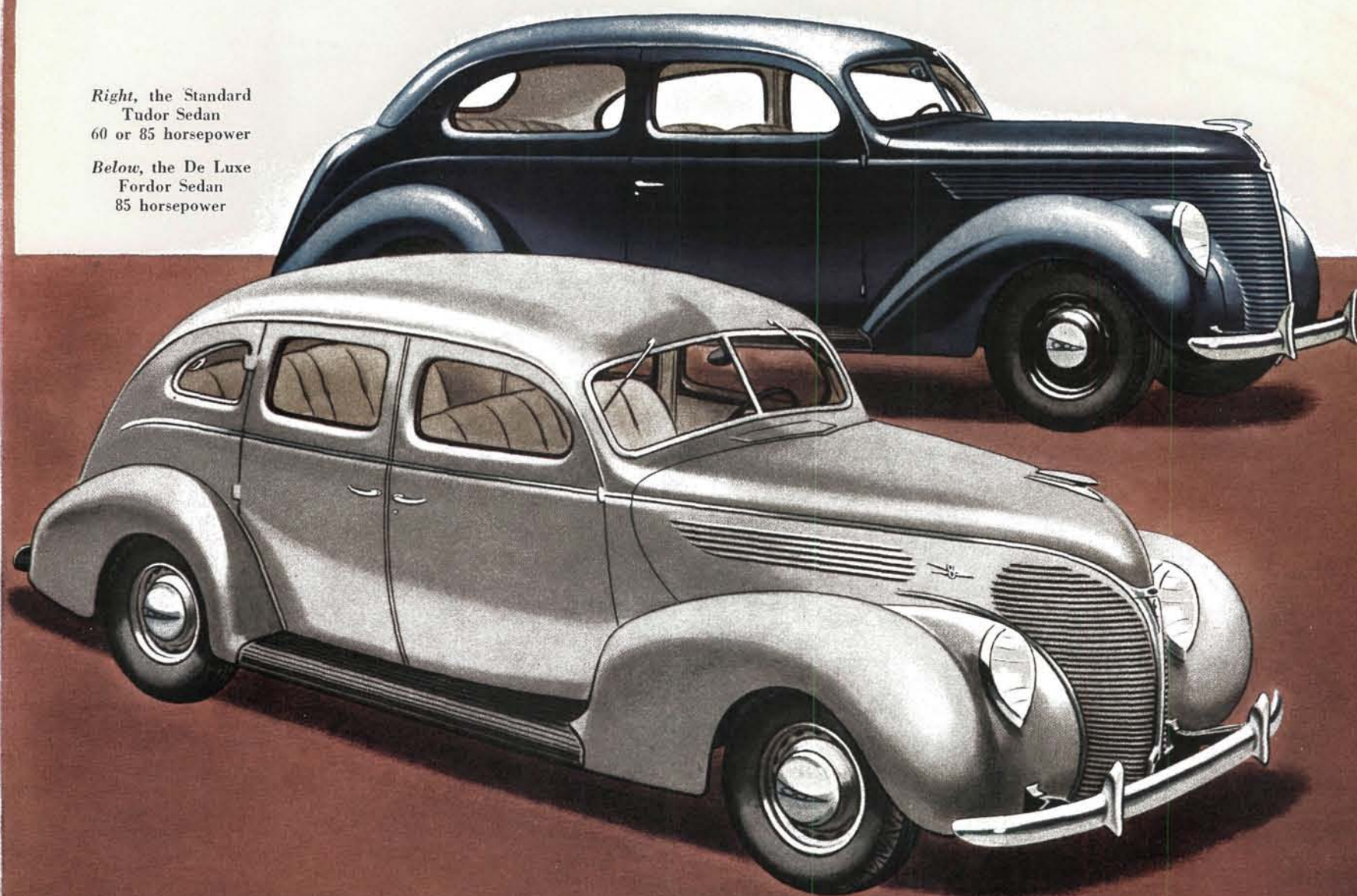
M-3 J O MAJOR
215 S BUCKEYE

F O R 1 9 3 8

FORD OFFERS TWO NEW CARS and keeps their PRICES LOW

*Right, the Standard
Tudor Sedan
60 or 85 horsepower*

*Below, the De Luxe
Fordor Sedan
85 horsepower*



THERE are two new Ford cars for 1938—the De Luxe and the Standard—differing in appearance, appointments and price—but built on the same dependable Ford chassis.

Both bring you the basic advantages of a V-type 8-cylinder power-plant. The De Luxe Ford has the 85-horsepower engine. The Standard Ford provides a choice of 85 or 60 horsepower engines.

V-type 8-cylinder engines were used only in expensive cars before Ford made them

available in The Universal Car. Eight cylinders give great smoothness and flexibility. Compact V-type construction leaves more room for passengers and luggage.

Both new cars are economical to operate. The Standard, with “thrifty 60” engine, costs less to run than any other Ford car ever built. And both new cars are priced low. Low price, like economy, is a Ford tradition. Ford founded the low-price field 30 years ago and keeps Ford prices low today.

The De Luxe Ford costs slightly more than the Standard Ford, but provides extra size and style. Both cars, in proportion to price, represent Ford values. Both are built to the same high standard of mechanical excellence.

More people bought the 1937 Ford V-8 than any other 1937 make. It was a good car. But these are better cars, because Ford improvement goes on constantly. You’ll realize that when you see and drive either new Ford car—the quality car in the low-price field.



• • Help for Leaf Turners • •

A new year—a new leaf. Once again many people have resolved to set aside some money with regularity. But will they? This hard course is made easier, for those who own life insurance. They find that keeping up their policies strengthens the thrift habit and builds a financial reserve. These results become automatic.

Thomas T. Parkinson
PRESIDENT

LIFE INSURANCE QUESTION BOX

How much insurance and what type of policies should you have?

The answers depend on what your "family picture" is—how many dependents you have, and their ages; your own age, your income and your investments.

For a helpful comment you are invited to send this information, or any questions on life insurance, to "The Equitable Counselor," 393 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y.

• • •

Here are some questions asked by others.

Q. What is one simple way to increase the value of your policies?

A. Just leave your insurance dividends with the company, converting them into additional insurance if your policy so provides.

• • •

Q. What is one reason for the great strength of mutual life insurance?

A. A multitude of people band together to share a financial loss that may fall on one or more of their families. This joining of forces divides the cost and multiplies the security. It explains why, for a few dollars a year, you can give your family a guaranteed protection worth thousands.

• • •

Q. What is "key man" insurance?

A. Life insurance on any person whose death would mean financial loss to a business. The business is named as beneficiary.

• • •

Q. Why is life insurance often called living insurance?

A. It lifts a burden of worry. It provides the insured with a reserve fund which may be used for retirement income. In truth, life insurance benefits the policyholder as well as his dependents.



THE EQUITABLE

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SECURITY — PEACE OF MIND

SOCIETY

MUTUAL — COOPERATIVE

OF THE U.S.

NATION-WIDE SERVICE



WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor
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THOMAS H. BECK
 Editorial Director

Collier's

January 22, 1938

Next Week

PROFESSOR MATTHEW B. REGAN was not impressive-looking. People who did not know him had a way of calling him "Bub" that Matt didn't like. In the privacy of his study he used to picture himself as a swashbuckling explorer, a Drake or Frobisher, whom no one had ever addressed as Bub.

Matt was an energetic man, not content with dreams. He bought a vessel and sailed, not out of Sunda Straits, but out of Seattle. What he found was "The Flowery Coast," romance and a pride not less than that of the great navigators. Michael Foster tells his story.

IN WALL STREET they will tell you that Bill Douglas, chairman of the Securities and Exchange Commission, is getting ready to crack down on the Stock Exchange. John T. Flynn went to Washington and asked Mr. Douglas about it. The reply was "No," and Mr. Douglas went on to explain just what the commission was doing and the obstacles it encountered. "Washing Wall Street's Face" is Mr. Flynn's report.

GEORGE HAMMILL, the columnist, knew a great many things, among them, his way around New York. And so when he ran into "The Girl from Cold River" in his favorite night club he knew it was a plant. Someone wanted to get her into the new show he was backing. She was too good to be true, anyway. George was so smart about the whole thing that he came within an ace of outsmarting himself. The story is by Duane Decker.

PERHAPS your only experience with birds has been the plume on your own or your wife's hat. If so, you have missed a great deal. To Frank Buck, who has brought back tens of thousands to bird lovers all over this country, they are cheery and alert companions from whom he hates to part. "Bird in Hand" is his story of the great black cockatoo, rarest of all rare birds.

"I WAS ridin' down the wrong trail one night," the Kid said, "and I seen somethin' I shouldn't of. That's all. He's been followin' me for a week." And the Kid was licked. He had a sprained ankle and he couldn't get away. Luke Short tells his dramatic story amid the blaze of guns in the stage station.

FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN, LaSelle Gilman, Jonathan Latimer, Jack Wiley, Octavus Roy Cohen, Freling Foster and others finish the parade. You do the shouting.

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JAMES N. YOUNG Fiction
IFOR THOMAS Photographs
MAX WILKINSON Fiction
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OWEN P. WHITE and JOHN T. FLYNN Associate Editors

Any Week

PERHAPS we'd better stay away from Yakima, Washington, for a while. Someone has sent us an editorial observation from Colonel Robinson's Yakima Republic. Says the colonel, rolling up his sleeves: "Collier's last week printed another of those idiot's dreams wherein the villain, who is a dead shot, empties his gun at the hero, missing every time, and the hero then goes up and plunks him and he falls dead in his tracks. The hero and the heroine kiss and go away, leaving the corpse lying where it fell and so far as anyone knows it is still there. Such stories are libels on the West and should not be permitted. Out here we may kill a few men once in a while but we always bury the remains."



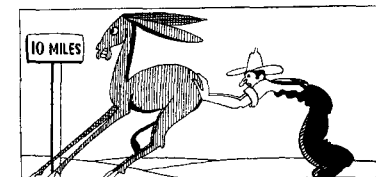
AT THE moment our plans do not include a trip to Grand Island, Nebraska, either. Yet if we were contemplating such a visit and should get into a bit of trouble there we'd feel pretty secure. We'd merely telephone Mr. Jonas Cross, who tells us that he will rush to our rescue "armed with a couple of lawyers who can't be beat. One of these barristers," continues he, "knows the law. The other knows the judge."

"FOR a century," says Mr. George W. Wilson of Los Angeles, California, "foreign lands have been sending us genius. And what have we sent in return? Let's think of our ingratitude with shame. England sent us Mr. Sam Insull, Canada gave us Father Coughlin and Aimee Semple McPherson and Australia came through with Mr. Harry Bridges. And so on. Are we a nation of ingrates? Let's send Mr. John L. Lewis to Australia. Canada, I am sure, would be glad to have General Hugh Johnson. England might thank us for William Green and there should be no trouble finding a few big noises to send to Mussolini and Hitler. It's merely an idea."

WE'VE played around with worse ones. For example, ways and means of accomplishing perpetual international peace. "War is inevitable and non-preventable," says Mrs. Georgia Sundheim of New Orleans, Louisiana. "But it is always fought by men and women who would rather be doing something else. Let nations declare war on one another but let the fighting be done by volunteers only. Any person approving of war shall be considered a volunteer and no excuses accepted. You will find that war under such conditions will dwindle into corner-fight proportions."

WE HAVE nothing but sympathy for Miss Jeanne N. Drill of Dayton, Ohio. Becoming convinced that a certain "familiarity with science" is necessary to the abundant life these days, she took up Professor Albert Einstein. "It leaves me a little cold," complains Miss Drill. "To tell the truth, the words are simple enough but the sense is not so clear. Can you do something to simplify him for me?"

IT IS the firm opinion of Mr. Rice McGovern of Memphis, Tennessee, that something should be done to co-ordinate the recovery efforts of Washington and industry. "Maybe," says Mr. McGovern, "there's something in the way Uncle Thad Redbarn solved his problem. Uncle Thad bought a mule which was a swell mule for ten miles but a flop after that. You could drive that animal ten miles and somehow it knew it had covered ten miles. At the end of the tenth mile that mule would strike — all through. Uncle Thad tried building fires under it and wore out a lot of lumber on it to get the eleventh mile but nothing doing. This sort of thing went on for a year. Then Uncle Thad decided to do something. He did it. He got another mule."



THERE was some talk about Collier's being banned in Japan because our gallant Far East man, Jim Marshall, had failed to see complete merit in all of Japan's activities in China. But here's Mr. A. B. Jamison of Tokyo with proof that the Japs are smart people. "Collier's," reports Mr. Jamison, "is on sale all over Tokyo. Even in one regular Japanese book store, where only four mags give face and front to the store, Collier's is in the honored collection. Mr. Marshall's articles are good. And now the cops riding free on crowded busses and trolleys in Tokyo stand and give up their seats. I like to think that this reform is due to his repeated references to their former habit of taking at least two seats to sprawl in."

AMERICAN cops please copy.

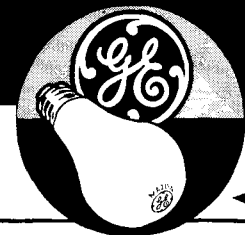


**MILLIONS WILL ENJOY
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THE new 1938 MAZDA lamps made by General Electric are the brightest lamp bulbs G-E has ever made. They cost no more to buy, and use no more electricity than last year's lamps. But they give you *more light* for your money than ever before in history . . . and they *Stay Brighter Longer*.

The increase in efficiency in this year's G-E bulbs is the result of constant improvement and new developments that have been made in the MAZDA lamp research laboratories.

Why not go out now and get a really adequate supply of these new, brighter lamps? Replace burned-out and blackened bulbs, and fill every empty socket with these new G-E lamps. And be sure to include some of the larger, sight-saving sizes...75, 100 and 150-watts. General Electric Company, Nela Park, Cleveland, O.



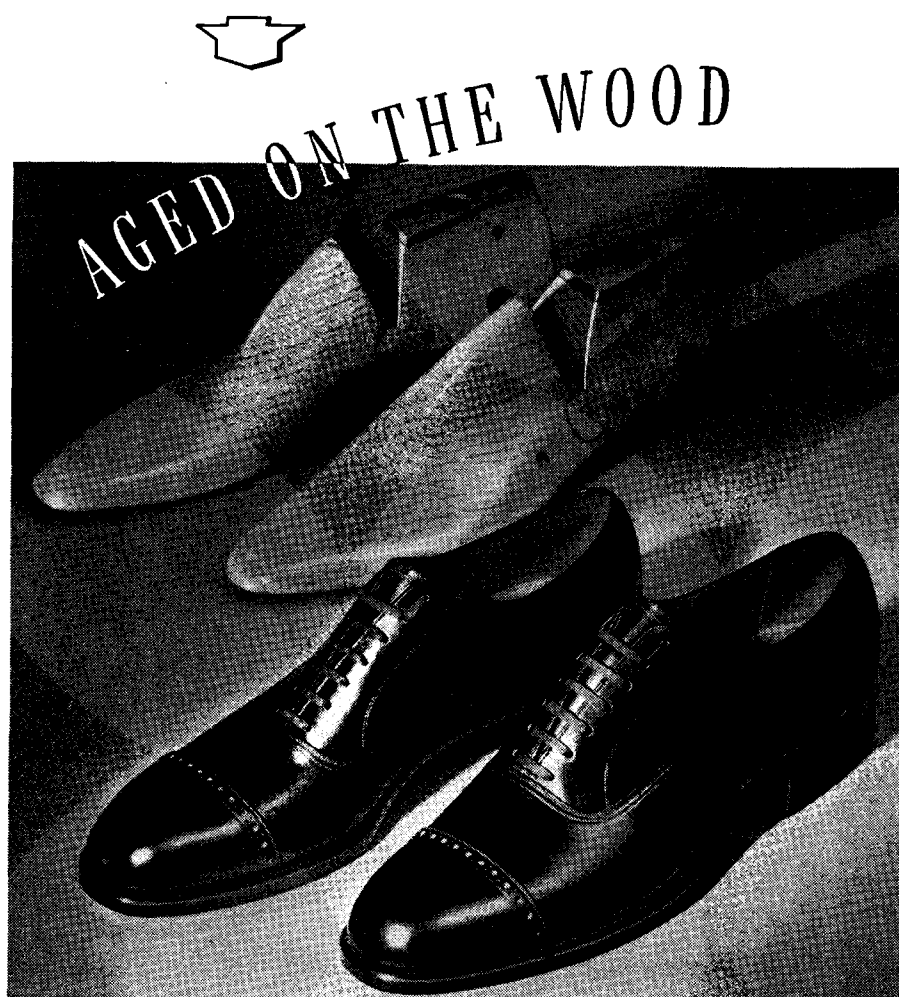
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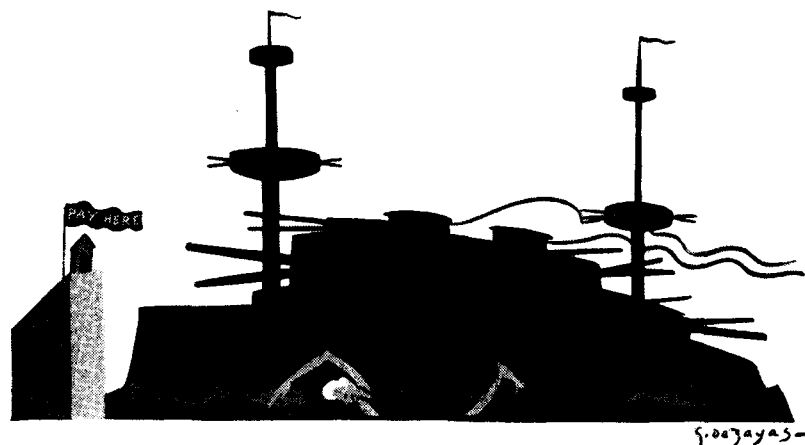
Florsheims Fit from the First to the Finish

Florsheim Shoes hold off old age by holding their fit to the end of their days. They age less in the wearing because they are *aged on wood* in the making. Moulded to exclusive foot-shaped wooden forms, and kept on these "lasts" for days, Florsheims fit themselves to fit your feet . . . to keep their good looks and good fit for life. And to a Florsheim Shoe life is a long, long time. Traditional Florsheim quality gives you the extra wear of a second pair . . . puts you miles ahead in service at a lower cost per mile. So step up your satisfaction by stepping into Florsheims . . . the largest-selling fine shoes in the world. *Style illustrated above, The WOODCLIFFE, S-549, in black calf; offering the exclusive comfort of the hinged Feature Arch; retailing at \$11.*

\$10 *Most Styles*

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KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

The largest toll ever collected at the Panama Canal was \$22,399.50, levied on the 42,100-ton battle cruiser H. M. S. Hood; the smallest was 36 cents, levied on a 140-pound writer who swam through it for publicity purposes.—*By Robert J. Wehrle, Norwood, Ohio.*

Some years ago in California a convict, having served one of two ten-year prison terms, contended that one of the sentences was invalid. A judge agreed, but ruled that the invalid term was "the one just completed," and the prisoner was required to serve another ten years.

An unusual submarine earthquake occurred off the coast of Lisbon on November 1, 1755. For almost a thousand miles beyond the disturbed land area, which comprised Portugal, Spain, southern France and northern Africa, it set pools, rivers and lakes in oscillation, a phenomenon that, in some cases, lasted for periods as long as an hour and a half.

Although Mount Sinai, where Moses received the stone tables containing the Ten Commandments, is one of the most important and sacred sites mentioned in the Old Testament, no word in the entire Bible gives any clear indication as to where it was located.

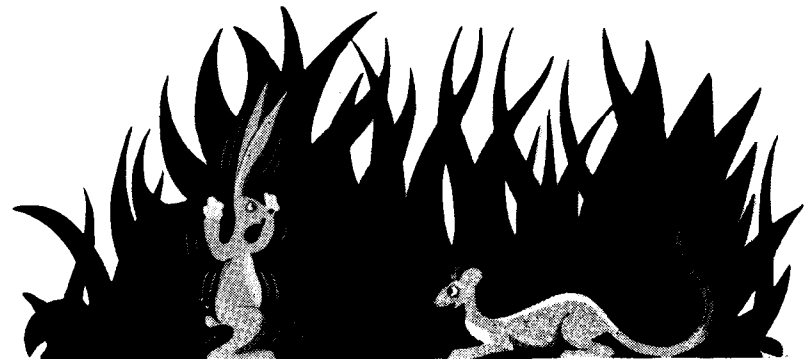
Most animals either fight or flee from a natural enemy. But when a rabbit meets a stoat, the rabbit "freezes" in its tracks, so utterly paralyzed by its fear that it cannot move and surrenders to its fate without the slightest struggle.—*By Richard Canavan, New York City.*

Many ruling princes of India are famed for the pensioning of servants and their relatives. These payments are made not only to retired employees but also to the descendants of employees of generations ago. One maharajah, when recently chided for sending a monthly sum to a man whose great-grandmother had been employed by the royal family, agreed that the pension should be stopped, but not for at least one hundred years.

One of the most dangerous devices of warfare yet invented is a new incendiary bomb which bursts upon impact and develops a heat of 3,000 degrees Centigrade. As this bomb weighs only ten ounces, one airplane can carry 6,000 at a time. Thus a fleet of fifty planes could drop 300,000 over a sizable city within a few minutes and set fire to a large part of it.

Probably no novel in history has had more endings than "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," which Charles Dickens was writing when he died suddenly in 1870. As Dickens left no notes about how he intended to end the story, more than a hundred writers have attempted to complete it, one being a spiritualist, who claimed that his ending was authentic because he had obtained his facts directly from Dickens' spirit.—*By B. L. Wilson, Newtonville, Massachusetts.*

Many primitive tribes in various parts of the world believe that those who have died in sleep, particularly warriors, must have met an enemy, in a dream, and were killed in the ensuing combat.—*By Frank Sumner, Berkeley, California.*



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APPROACHING CONTINENTAL DIVIDE. BANFF, CANADA

Driving 5 miles or 500—you need **DISTILLED OIL!**

IT KEEPS YOUR ENGINE CLEAN—AND PREVENTS WEAR

ENGINE wear isn't so much a matter of distance. You can endanger your motor on a shopping trip in town just as much as on a long vacation tour. Because the threat of wear begins as soon as your engine turns over.

In the modern engine, parts fit so closely and move so fast that terrific heat is generated almost instantly. Ordinary oil breaks down in this heat. It leaves a coarse, harmful residue. As a

result, dangerous sludge is formed.

Use Havoline. It is wholly distilled. Every drop is first turned to vapor to eliminate dangerous impurities. So it cannot form hard carbon. It does not leave residue. *It keeps your engine clean.*

When you get Havoline, you guard against insidious motor wear,

against lost power due to worn cylinder walls, against sluggish valves and clogged oil lines, against costly repair bills!

Fill up with Havoline today. It is the premium choice of millions. On sale at Texaco Dealers everywhere.



INDIAN REFINING COMPANY, INDIANAPOLIS

Affiliated with THE TEXAS COMPANY

HE.... "Remember how you used to tune a Radio?"

SHE... "Squatting, stooping and squinting?
... That's ancient history now!"



**NO SQUAT
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NO SQUINT**

*Tune easily... gracefully...
speedily... accurately...
with Philco Automatic Tuning
on the Inclined Control Panel!*

"Ancient history" is no exaggeration! Once you have seen and tuned a Philco with the Inclined Control Panel... any radio without that feature seems a relic of the dark ages.

When you buy a new radio... be sure it's 1938 in design as well as in date! Make sure it has the speed and accuracy of Philco Automatic Tuning. Be sure that *all* the stations you tune regularly can be tuned *automatically*. And be doubly sure that all the operating controls are on Philco's Inclined Control Panel that makes

squatting, stooping and squinting a thing of the past!

On top of all that... the Philco 116 Double-X is a true High-Fidelity radio... an instrument that reproduces every tone and overtone the broadcasting stations put on the air. Tune in a symphony concert... and you are thrilled by reproduction so realistic that barriers of distance melt away. You feel that you are in the very presence of the orchestra. Tune in the hottest band on the air... and you can almost see the

drummer beating out the rhythm.

Set your own standard of what a radio should be... and you'll find all you ask in a Philco 116 Double-X!

Philco makes a complete line of Automatic Tuning Models with the Inclined Control Panel. Your present radio may be traded in as part payment, or you can buy a Double-X Philco for as little as \$7.95 down and about a dollar a week. Ask your Philco dealer about this Philco-Commercial Credit Company easy payment plan.

PHILCO *A Musical Instrument of Quality*

All I Survey

By Jerome Weidman

The story of a woman who was ten years in learning pride of possession

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS



"It's hopeless," he said. "He'll never get well. You know that"

I DON'T care how strong you are, or how strong you think you are. You can't keep going forever. Sooner or later you begin to crack.

I knew something was wrong as soon as I got up. I felt tired and irritable. I slipped into a kimono and went to the window. The sun was coming up behind the mountains at the foot of the valley and threw everything into soft golden shadows. It would be a warm day down below. But up here on the mountain, looking out across the valley, it was cold. I shivered and drew the kimono more closely about me. It didn't help. I didn't seem to be able to get warm any more.

"Alice!"

I shivered again and turned from the window.

"Yes, Dick," I called, "I'm coming."

I glanced at my wrist watch. It was a few minutes after six. He was up too early. I went to the dressing table for my comb. I ran it through my hair quickly, keeping my head to one side to avoid the long crack down the middle of the glass. At night, by the light of the kerosene lamp, I could use one side of the mirror, and in the morning, with the help of the sun from the window, I could use the other half. I wondered what it would feel like to look into an uncracked mir-

ror again, to feel the rich, thick suds of a shampoo in my hair, to walk a floor that didn't creak with years of weather pounded into rickety construction, to smell the warm sweet odor of facial cream being rubbed into—

"Alice!"

I dropped the comb and fluffed out my hair in the back.

"Coming, Dick," I called.

I picked up the chart and the thermometer and went downstairs. He was lying with his hands over the covers, holding his field glasses, his head toward the door, watching for me. The sun was high enough to cross his window sill and send a stream of dancing dust pouring across the room toward the door.

"Hello, darling," he said.

He smiled and all the lines in his thin strong face creased into a pattern that showed clearly under his tan.

"Good morning, Dick," I said. "Is anything wrong?"

"Nothing's wrong. I just—"

"You're up so early, I was worried. You shouldn't get up so early. The doctor said—"

He smiled again.

"I know what the doctor said," he said. "I know what all the doctors said. But I can't help it if I wake up, can I?"

There were a lot of things he couldn't help.

"No," I said. "You can't."

HE PICKED up his field glasses and turned his head toward the window. He looked down the valley for a long moment without raising his head from the pillow.

"There's mail in our box," he said. "That's why I called you."

He didn't have to give reasons for calling me.

"It must be a mistake, Dick," I said. "Nobody writes to us."

He laughed wryly.

"You know that's not true, darling. You know we get letters from my broker telling us why our checks get smaller and smaller."

I didn't laugh.

"We already got that letter this month," I said.

"Nevertheless, darling, we have mail."

He held the field glasses out toward me.

"Look for yourself," he said.

I took the glasses and looked down into the valley. I swung them slowly along the road at the bottom until I reached the clump of trees where our own narrow trail came down from the mountain to join the main road. In a moment I had picked out the aluminum mailbox on the board nailed to a tree. The little red flag on it was raised.

"You're right, Dick," I said. I put down the glasses. "It must have been left there yesterday."

I shook down the thermometer and came close to the bed.

"Aren't you going to get it, darling?" he asked.

"It can't be important," I said. "There's plenty of time."

He pushed the thermometer away.

"Aren't you going to kiss me?" he asked.

I looked at him quickly. The feeling that something was wrong came to me with greater strength. I hadn't forgotten to kiss him—in—how long—how many years since he—?

"A good wife should always kiss her

husband good morning," he said playfully. "And a good husband should—"

I didn't need instructions about the duties of a wife. I could give lessons in that subject without a moment's preparation.

"I'm sorry, Dick," I said softly. "I was thinking of something and I forgot."

I leaned down and kissed his cheek. He put his arms around me and held me for a moment.

"Darling," he said.

THE chill was gone and I felt warm again.

"Now the thermometer," I said.

"A very poor anticlimax," he said.

His voice was uneven and weak. His face looked strong and thin under the tan, but his voice was weak.

"Open."

He opened his mouth and I slipped the thermometer under his tongue. While he held it in place I stroked his hair gently. It was coarse and black and strong, like the lines of his face, and none of it had begun to go. That was something to be proud of. Thirty-seven

—no, thirty-eight—thirty-eight years old, and all of his coarse black hair intact. Thirty-eight, and all that remained to be proud of was his hair. The things he could have done with his strong face and powerful hands and his coarse black hair. The things they said he was going to do. The things he said he was going to do. The future was limitless, they said. For a man of his power, his ability, his strength—they had made quite a point of his strength. It was a blessing, they said. That was the way the phrase went, a blessing. For a man of his talent a strong physique was essential. He needed the strong sinews and thick bones of a giant, they said. Without them he would never be able to carry out the great plans that his mind could weave. He is fortunate, madam. You are fortunate, madam. The world lies before you. In ten years—

"Time!"

He gurgled the word protestingly around the glass of the thermometer.

"Sorry, Dick," I said.

I took the thermometer from his

mouth, read it, and made a notation on the chart.

"How does it look?" he asked.

"Same as yesterday," I said. "We're doing very well."

He turned his face to the window.

"We're doing very well," he repeated bitterly.

The meaningless phrases of encouragement didn't come easily that morning. I didn't say anything.

"Doing very well," he said again in a low, hopeless voice.

He turned back to watch me as I shook down the thermometer and slipped it into its metal tube.

"You do everything so beautifully, Alice," he said. "Even that."

So would he if he had done it as long as I had.

"I'm quite an expert," I said.

HOW many thermometers had I worn out in ten years? In how many countries had I bought them? In how many languages had I learned to read them? How many doctors had I—?

"Are you going for the mail?" he asked.

"There's no hurry," I said. "I'll fix breakfast first."

I pushed the wheel chair next to his bed and helped him into it. Then I wheeled him to the washstand and laid out his razor and comb and brushes. I went to the kitchen and heated water on the gasoline stove. While he shaved I prepared breakfast. When I brought it in to him on a tray he was finished. His toilet articles were arranged neatly on the washstand.

"Why don't you go for the mail while I eat?" he said.

"There's no hurry," I said.

"It might be important," he said.

It was never important.

"All right, Dick," I said.

I put on a coat and went out to the car. I had trouble starting it. When the motor was running I saw that the gasoline gauge was low. I decided to walk down. I shut off the motor and got out of the car. It was a long walk, but shoes were cheaper than gasoline, especially the kind of shoes you wore on the mountain. It was cold going down, but when I got to the bottom it was warm in the sun, almost hot.

I PUSHED the flag of the mailbox down and opened it. There was a telegram inside. It had been mailed in from West Jordan. I read it and started back. It was a long, hard climb, but I didn't even notice it. When I got to the clearing I paused for a moment to catch my breath, and I looked at the cabin. Ten years of hotels and furnished apartments and chalets and pensions, and now this. Ten years of doctors and dwindling income and different climates and higher altitudes and made-over clothes, and now this. Ten years—and this was home. I laughed. Even this wasn't home. Home was two trunks, their original color almost obliterated by labels, that could be packed quickly and that held everything. Two trunks—that was home.

"Alice!"

"Coming, Dick."

He had wheeled himself out on the small porch that faced the valley. I walked up and tucked in his blankets.

"What did we get, Alice?"

I held the telegram out to him.

"It's from Harold Steuben," I said. "He—"

He looked at me quickly.

"Harold Steuben? How did he—?"

"He must have gotten our address from your broker. He says it's been eight years since he saw us and he's sailing to England in a week and he wanted to see us before he left."

He laughed harshly. "See us?" he said. "See you, he means."

(Continued on page 53)



"You've got plenty of time to drive down and pick him up," he said. "Are you going?"



More and more, the South's wealth of raw materials and natural resources have attracted capital and industry

The Wages of Dixie

By Senator Pat Harrison

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL ROSE

**Here the voice of the South is raised
in an appeal to the nation at large
not to hinder her in her desperate
fight toward industrial progress**

THE South is traditionally an agricultural section. From pioneer days her people have lived in an atmosphere of agriculture. From father to son this agrarian environment has been handed down. In the olden days the prospects of the crop and probable market conditions were the prevailing topics of conversation.

The new South has worked miracles and attracted the attention of the industrialists of other sections. It is a beautiful realization for the present generation to have experienced the almost complete disappearance of sectional feeling. The old Mason and Dixon line, through the force of public opinion, has been wiped out. The office seeker no longer receives wild acclaim when he hurls his diatribes against another section. The old order has changed, and a new order has been born.

In these circumstances, it is unfortunate that any issue be precipitated that might arouse sectional antagonisms or sectional discussions. There is always a reason for the location of industries in certain localities or certain sections. The commanding and dominant position of the East was not attained overnight, nor was the success of New England as a manufacturing center achieved without sound underlying factors. The East became supreme in industrial development and achievement because of her great harbors and proximity to the markets of the world. Little wonder that with an adequate supply of capital, and with ships making their regular voyages from the British Isles and the mainland of Europe, it offered a great opportunity to manufacturing. And so, as agriculture has been a tradi-

tion in the South, so have shipping and banking and manufacturing been a tradition of the East. The stream of capital has ever flowed toward the fountain of best and broadest opportunity.

Within the past year the South has been the object of unjustified criticism, receiving from the invective tongue of the social uplifter and prejudiced journalists a castigation of misrepresentation. They say the South is trying to perpetuate low-wage standards and again to enslave labor. There isn't a word of truth in the charge. The people of the South respect labor. There are only a few, if any, of her successful leaders, whether in industrial, educational, commercial, agricultural or public life, whose success did not begin through the lessons of hard work. Class distinction is least recognized in the South. A banker's son marries a mechanic's daughter, and a carpenter's boy woos the hand of a governor's girl.

And why are these cruel aspersions

cast at the South? Simply because that section is opposed to a federal minimum-wage law. The people of no section are more strongly grounded in the belief of least interference by the federal government in their private freedom, management and control than are the people of the South. They are more accustomed to contacts in their ordinary affairs of life with the public officials at their state capitols than they are to contact with the far-removed officials at Washington. Since no hint, suggestion or demand during the 150 years of our national life has come for a federal statute that might check or in any wise affect the industrial progress of the people of any other section, Southerners cannot understand why such a statute should now be projected as a great political, social or economic necessity in the South.

It is so easy for people to misunderstand one another, and it is so necessary, if injustice is not to be done, that broad and unselfish consideration be

given to all the facts. Every student of history knows that in the war between the States it was the South that suffered the ravages and the disastrous results of an invading foe. It was war, and as Sherman said, "War is hell." Thousands of fortunes were completely destroyed. A great civilization was sewed up in the despair and defeat of a courageous and indomitable people.

With that section completely destroyed, it was not easy for the poverty-stricken people of the South to find themselves. They were without capital, and certainly had no appeal to the wealthy class of other sections or other countries to map out a program under which they might adjust themselves to the changed conditions. Naturally their progress was slow and most difficult. At that time they were rich only in spirit and in the natural resources which God had given them. And so, for more than a third of a century, in the shadow of despair, they trudged their weary way along; and only during the beginning of this generation did they discern, behind the black clouds that had shadowed them, the first ray of hope.

A star of industrial hope began to shine forth upon that section, and its brilliance in recent years has attracted peoples of other sections. Her many rivers, possessing falls ideal for the creation of hydroelectric power, were revealed. Large natural gas and petroleum fields were uncovered. Vast unexplored beds of coal and iron and mineral deposits of every character were discovered. These and innumerable other natural advantages attracted chemists and capitalists. From her

(Continued on page 46)

From to

By
**Katharine
Roberts**

The headlong rise to fame of
Annabella, who thinks one
name is all that anyone needs

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S
BY WILL CONNELL



AN IMPORTANT gentleman in Hollywood, having just seen an English color film called *Wings of the Morning*, rushed into his office and began playing a tune on all of the buzzers of his interoffice communications set. The tune he played was *Come All Ye Faithful*, and the yes-brigade came popping out of various doors and lined up in formation before him.

"Who," he demanded, "is Annabella?"

"Annabella who?" asked one of the minions.

"Not Annabella who," cried the exasperated executive. "She has only one name, this Annabella—one name and an accent, a nice easy accent. I should pay scouts all over Europe so I find this Annabella in English pictures—yes?"

"No!" said the yes-men.

"She was in Hollywood about three years ago," volunteered one of the braver.

"So! She was in Hollywood! That's why we didn't find her!" gasped the Important Executive.

"But she spoke only French," murmured the minion.

"Every year we find actresses in Europe and we teach them English so we can bring them over here," wailed the Great Man. "But in Hollywood she talks only French. So, she has to go home to learn English! Bah!" he exploded. "A fine business this is!—No?"

"Yes!" chorused the yes-brigade.

The above scene took place exactly as reported. In fact, it seems that said Important Executive actually met Annabella when she was in Hollywood in 1934. But she was there for only two months making the French version of *Caravan* with Charles Boyer and, since she spoke no English, she spent most of her time off the set with French-speaking people, which is why so many important executives failed to realize who she was.

As for Annabella, she had film contracts waiting back home—also a husband. She had come for two months. She had stayed two months. Fine! After

three years and three English pictures, she is back again as a star.

Annabella has brown eyes and natural blond hair. She runs her hand through her hair as she talks and her coiffure is the kind such tactics do not disturb. Her eyebrows match her hair. Her skin is not that of the chiffon-white-blonde but, without being exotic, is a pale gold. With her high cheekbones, she might easily be English or Scandinavian until she speaks. She is five feet four, weighs one hundred and sixteen, and has a long-legged, slim, flat build.

In short, Annabella is a very direct young lady who uses only one name, less for mystery than as a matter of natural economy. She says briefly, "It is enough." In her early teens, she read Edgar Allan Poe's *Annabelle Lee*, and liked the feel of the name when she said it.

"But one says it together, so why should it be in two parts?" she asks pointedly. "I put it into one. Annabell-ee—Annabella. I liked it. So, when

I went into pictures, I used it." And that's that. But it has kept a lot of people guessing. Upon being reminded that her original name was Anne Charpentier, "Suzanne!" she corrects with emphasis and, with a note of scorn in her voice, adds hastily, "But I never was called that!" She is married to Jean Murat, a French actor, famous on the Continent for many roles, but known to American film audiences chiefly for his portrayal of the sardonic monk in *Carnival in Flanders*. Hence, she also has a third name, Madame Murat.

However, she didn't use any of these names when she went to England to study English for *Wings of the Morning*. When Robert T. Kane of New World Pictures, London, was looking for a girl who could play a brunette Spanish gypsy in the first part of the film and could be a half-English, half-Spanish semiblond in the second part, wearing boy's clothes as well as dainty feminine evening frocks with conviction, he

(Continued on page 45)

THE boy looked sixteen or seventeen. His manner was quiet but self-possessed. The older man treated him with deference. "Sit down, Mr. Seton," he said. "I want to ask you a few questions before we begin the test."

Asa Seton smiled. "I'll tell you anything I can, Mr. Rudigger, but I don't understand much about it myself. I don't know how my memory works. All I know is that I have it and I like to use it. As I told you, I should have been glad to submit to this test for nothing. It's very generous of you to pay me for it."

Rudigger waved the thanks aside. "This is a special sort of test," he said, "and I'm glad to pay. It may lead to something more later on. What I wanted to ask you was this: Suppose after you have memorized this material you have some surprise or sudden shock, would you forget it?"

Again the boy smiled. "A professor at the university tried that. It didn't make any difference."

"Well," Rudigger said, "I guess we can get started." He opened a notebook he had been holding. "This is what I want you to memorize—four pages from the beginning of the book up to the break where it says a-l-t period r-t period. Don't bother about anything else, but be sure to get this just the way it's written. How long do you think it will take?"

The boy picked up the book and studied it. As his eyes ran along the lines they became sharp, attentive. Each pupil seemed to contract to a hard central core. Like a boxer's eyes, Rudigger thought; this kid knew his stuff.

Seton looked up. "I shall require thirty minutes," he said, "and no interruptions, if you please." He added apologetically, "This calls for close concentration, you know."

"I'll give you more time than that," Rudigger said. "I want to be sure you get it."

"It won't be necessary. Thirty minutes is enough."

"All the same I'll leave you here for an hour. And I'll lock the door so you won't be disturbed."

As the door closed the boy glanced once around the little room, empty except for two chairs and a kitchen table, then his eyes returned to the book. His face became expressionless.

DOWNSTAIRS a group of men waited for Rudigger. One of them faced him as he came into the room. "If you ask me, the whole idea's screwy."

Rudigger looked hard at the speaker till the other's eyes wavered. "Nobody asked you, Pudge," he said smoothly. "Sometime when I want a nice long rest I'll ask. Up to then I do the thinking around here." He turned to the rest of the group. "The scheme is foolproof," he said. "This is too big to take chances. I have figured every angle."

Another man spoke: "What you say goes, Heads. But why drag in the kid? Why not take the book? You sound like you couldn't trust a guy to read. I'm goin' to drive, ain't I?"

Rudigger's face twitched into a smile. "Sure you're going to drive, Flash, and sure you can read. So can I. And we could get caught too, and maybe you don't know it but cops can read. It wouldn't take even a dumb cop to figure out how to get to the hide-out. They've seen get-away plans before. They keep trying until they get started right and then they'd grab the works. You know how much dough we've got there. This is the last job and we can't afford to slip up. Tonight we figure the split."

The men stirred and grinned. "About time," one of them said.

"Sure, I know," Rudigger broke in. "You wanted your split a month ago when it was chicken feed. So you could blow it in and get caught. Now we're sitting pretty; now we've got something. And we can take our time. We knock over this bank and then we lay off. The hide-out is a honey. That took brains—to move into a new territory, find a hide-out and get a native to pick out the back roads. We stay there till the heat's taken off. Only we got to get there without being followed. It took me a while to figure that out. Then I read about this kid in the papers. He's what they call a phenomenon. Just like a machine. He can memorize anything and he never misses. So that was the answer. I got hold of him this morning and told him we wanted to give him a test and we'd pay for it. The kid jumped at it. He still thinks that's what he's doing."

"Now get this straight. Pudge, you wait here."

Time to Spare

By John Paine

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

A SHORT
SHORT STORY
COMPLETE ON
THIS PAGE



His voice came in a steady monotone: "Two hundred thirty-eight point three capital T period r-t period"

At eleven five you unlock the door and talk to the kid. Keep him quiet as long as you can. After that tie him up. Be as quiet as you can. There's nobody near this house, but we can't take chances. We'll be here before twelve. Be on the lookout and get the kid into the back seat. Make it fast.

"You, Flash, as soon as the car stops, trip the speedometer. Set it at zero. The distances are figured in tenths of a mile, so you got to look sharp. Everybody set?" He glanced around the circle, looked at his watch. "All right, we push."

THE clock on the dashboard of the car stood at five. Asa Seton sat hunched in the back seat. His eyes were blindfolded. Above and below the bandage his face was white. There was perspiration on his forehead. His voice came in a steady monotone: "Two hundred thirty-seven point three s-l period wood b-r period m-l period r-t period." Rudigger's eyes swung to the speedometer. "Take it easy, Flash. Bridge ahead, mill on the right." The car slowed a trifle in its wild dash down the sandy road, careened over a wooden bridge and passed an abandoned mill on the right.

Pudge was holding a gun. He nudged Seton. "All right, next."

The monotone recommenced: "Two hundred thirty-eight point three capital T period r-t period dirt comma w-d-s period." Again Rudigger translated: "Little farther on, a right turn onto a dirt road that goes through the woods." There was silence as they raced along the road, slued through a right turn and hit a wagon trail running through the woods. Flash swore and jammed on the brakes. The car jolted and swayed to a stop.

Pudge put his hand on Rudigger's arm. "Take it easy, Heads. Flash is right. We come too far."

Rudigger turned on him. "How the hell would you know? It's the long way, all back roads. That's the point. Shut up, you mugs, and get going."

"What about our schedule, Heads?" Flash growled. "We ought to have been there by four."

"It's these roads," Rudigger said. "I hadn't seen them. Now get going."

Flash turned around in his seat and looked at the others. "We're kidding ourselves," he said. "Something's phony. Let's bump the kid and light out."

The boy sat motionless. The beads of perspiration on his forehead were running together, wetting the bandage.

"Light out where?" Rudigger said. His voice was mild. "Do you know where we are? No. Does anyone else? No. We've changed direction every ten minutes for five hours. Which way will we light out? Don't be saps. We've got to stick to our map. And that's in the kid's head."

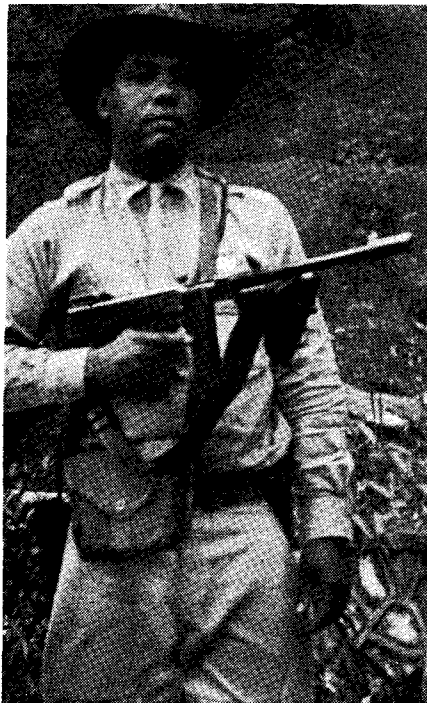
"How do we know the punk ain't crossing us up?"

"Say," Rudigger said, "you're so dumb it hurts. How the hell could he cross us up? The kid sits here with his eyes covered and calls the turn. He calls all the turns and he calls them all right. And you ask is he crossing us up. You must think he has a hell of a good imagination. Get going. We're almost there."

THE police were looking the other way, but they got their guns around in time to blast the tires when the car didn't stop. It wobbled into the ditch and brought up against a tree. They made quick work of disarming the men.

"We figured you'd be coming the other way," the captain said, "only I guess we got our net stretched a little too late. What brought you back?"

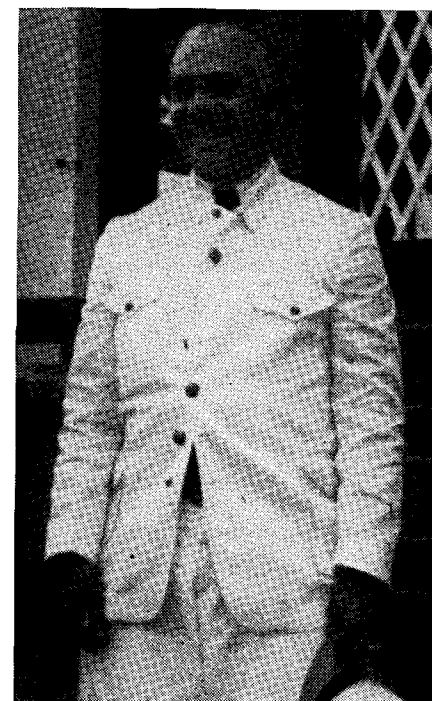
Seton's hands were free and he had taken off the blindfold. His face was still white and he looked drawn. "I can explain it," he said. And he told how the plan had worked. "But they made one mistake," he added. "They left me in that room too long. There was nothing to do, so I memorized the other stuff in the book. When they got me in the car I understood what the material I had memorized meant and I realized that the rest of it was an alternate route. When we got to the end of the first, I gave them the other one backward, reversing directions and changing mileages. And here we are." He paused, wiped the perspiration from his face and sat down on the running board of the car. He smiled apologetically. "I'm tired," he said. "It calls for close concentration, you know."



Ready for anything is this bodyguard of the Dominican president



Haitian refugees who escaped the mass executions in Santo Domingo, shown here with Colonel Jules André, Haitian army commander



"A regrettable incident," says Dominican President Rafael Trujillo

MURDER IN THE TROPICS

By Quentin Reynolds

A piteous cry from Haiti. Mr. Reynolds caught the Miami plane. Another flew him to Port-au-Prince. The tomtoms were still beating when his car arrived at the Dominican border, where an incident had become a slaughter. The survivors told him the gruesome tale. His eyes supplied the proof

FATHER EMIL ROBERT walked out of the church and he stood there on the steps, stroking his red beard. Mass had been well attended that morning and Father Robert was pleased.

Good people, these Haitians, he thought, especially those in his town of Ouanaminthe, which is pronounced Wan-a-men by those who live on the border which separates Haiti from the Dominican Republic. Father Robert stared with curiosity as a group of coffee-colored Haitians approached the church steps. Their clothing, what there was of it, was tattered and torn. Some carried bundles on their heads. Most of them carried nothing. They came up to him and waited for him to speak.

"What is it, my children?" he asked anxiously.

Then came torrents of words. Torrents of musical Creole sprang from their lips and as he listened his eyes opened in wonder.

"Thousands of Haitians are being killed by the Dominican soldiers. There are orders that all Haitians living in the Dominican Republic be killed. We escaped. We saw hundreds killed by machetes and knives."

Horror and incredulity showed on the face of the priest. One among his visitors pushed forward.

"Père Robert see for yourself." He held out a dark arm. Blood was dripping from an eight-inch wound, a cut that could have been made only by a machete. Father Robert knew then that there was some basis of truth in this apparently fantastic story. It was not until some days later that he was to know that these unhappy people were bringing news of the most horrible unprovoked massacre of modern times. Other refugees waded across the Massacre River, the natural border between the two republics. Each told the same story, a story which varied only in the degree of horror it produced. (The Massacre River used to be called the Gutopana River. In 1728 a group of Spanish soldiers came upon thirty buccaneers crossing the river laden with loot. In the fight which ensued all of the buccaneers were killed. Since then it has been called the Massacre River.)

Father Robert sent a message to his superior, Bishop Jean-Marie Jan, who presided over the cathedral at Cap-Haitien, fifty miles back of the border.

The bishop hurried to Ouanaminthe and he listened to the stories told by the refugees. He saw the machete wounds and the knife cuts and then he, too, believed. A bishop has certain sources of information not always available to officialdom. He got in touch with these sources across the border in the regions where the refugees said the massacre was taking place. Then, tight-lipped and trembling, he hurried back to his cathedral. He arrived in time to preach the Sunday sermon and for his text he used the Commandment, "Thou Shalt Not Kill."

By now his congregation knew what was happening. By now both wounded and unwounded Haitians were straggling into Cap-Haitien. Bishop Jan advised his people to remain tranquil. He himself would go to Port-au-Prince and lay the whole matter before President Stenio Vincent. The congregation nodded. Yes, that was right. They loved Papa Vincent. Papa Vincent would stop this killing.

Some Things That Americans Didn't Know

The bishop stood before the president and he told his story. The president had heard of the trouble. Only two days before he had sanctioned a meeting between his representative and a representative of President Trujillo of the Dominican Republic. They had discussed the affair and then both had signed an agreement which stated that the guilty ones would be punished and that the incident should not be allowed to affect the friendly relations which had for so long existed between the sister republics.

"But I did not know that it was anything like you report," Vincent said anxiously.

"It is worse than I have reported, Monsieur President," the bishop said calmly. "I only know what has happened in the small region of the northern border. Who knows how many thousands of refugees have come across the border in central Haiti and then disappeared into the hills? Who knows what stories of murder they have to report? In the small region across the border near Ouanaminthe it is my opinion that at least 5,000 Haitians have been killed."

Then the news began to seep into the United States. It didn't make much of a stir. There are no

American newspapermen in Haiti or Santo Domingo (the colloquial name for the Dominican Republic). There are local correspondents in Trujillo City and in Port-au-Prince but they heard only rumors. No one bothered going to the border to see for himself. America didn't care about it as a news story.

America didn't care. No American had seen three-day-old machete wounds on the necks and faces of youngsters or had talked to dull-eyed women who had seen their children slaughtered in front of them. No American had talked to three hundred refugees in the north country and had heard their stories of horror.

I did these things. I talked to the presidents of both countries; to soldiers in Santo Domingo as well as in Haiti; to coffee-skinned cabaret girls in Ciudad Trujillo, the capital of Santo Domingo, and to shopkeepers and doctors and priests and prisoners in the jail at Cap-Haitien; to bishops and chauffeurs and to peasants in the hills. I talked to hundreds of them and of those hundreds only one denied that there had been a large, undoubtedly organized mass massacre of Haitians living in the northern provinces of the Dominican Republic. This one who denied it was President Rafael Trujillo, president of Santo Domingo.

I am absolutely convinced that even the Haitians themselves underestimated the number of bodies which now lie rotting in ravines and beneath the underbrush of the provinces of Monte Cristi and Santiago. It is my firm conviction that at least 10,000 Haitians have been slaughtered since October 1st in Santo Domingo. In arriving at this estimate, guesswork has played only a very small part.

But why? Why were whole families wiped out by a few flashing strokes of a machete? Why did hatred suddenly flame in the breasts of Dominicans who for many, many years have been on friendly terms with their neighbors? Who ordered the butchery? Was it a spontaneous uprising by the people or a calculated massacre committed by the Dominican army? I give you the facts as I know them, facts founded upon observation and upon sworn statements and affidavits, and let you draw what inferences you will.

The trouble all started in the boom days of sugar. Back in 1918 the world was crying for sugar and willing to pay a high price for it. The Dominican

Republic is preëminently a sugar country. The Dominicans, however, have always been averse to the wholly distasteful job of cutting the cane when it is ready to be harvested. It is a back-breaking job, swinging a machete for eight hours, and the pay was only twenty cents a day. The Haitians, however, have always seemed to have a natural aptitude for this work. There is comparatively little sugar grown in Haiti, however. So the Haitians swarmed across the border to the Dominican Republic and were received with open arms. They also went to Cuba, for Cuba, too, was short of help during those boom days. For several years King Sugar remained high and the Haitians were needed badly on the sugar plantations. The harvest usually takes about four months in both Santo Domingo and Cuba. When the harvest was finished they stayed on. They remained on the plantations, working, or they built homes of their own. In many parts of the republic they just settled on the land, becoming squatters. No one cared. There was lots of land and there were only about a million Dominicans. Soon there were about 200,000 Haitians living in Santo Domingo, most of them in the provinces of Monte Cristi and Santiago.

President Trujillo Makes a Speech

Then King Sugar was forced to abdicate. The sugar market broke into a thousand pieces. Sugar dropped to as low as four cents a pound. There was no need for feverish activity during harvesting time. There was no need for 200,000 Haitians in the country of Santo Domingo. They minded their business, all right, and they would work hard when called upon, but after all they were foreigners. Some of them had been there twenty years now. They had married and had children and grandchildren in the country and were considered almost to be Dominicans. They didn't cause any trouble. It is true that every border in the world is an invitation to marauding cattle thieves. It is equally true that the Massacre River is no exception and now and then Haitians would creep across into Dominican territory. They would grab a few goats or a few horses or cattle and hurry back to their own Haitian hills.

This naturally angered Dominicans who lived near the border. They developed an intense hatred for these Haitians. Unfortunately their hatred spread to all Haitians. . . . Why didn't they all go back where they came from? Santo Domingo didn't need them any more.

Much the same situation existed in Cuba. The Haitians who had gone there during the sugar boom weren't needed. They were, in fact, in many cases taking jobs away from Cubans. Colonel Fulgencio Batista ordered them deported to Haiti. First, however, he had put the facts before the Haitian government. Haiti agreed that its former citizens should return. Batista sent them back in Cuban ships; sent them and their worldly goods.

It was different in Santo Domingo. No one asked the Haitians to leave. The blow fell on October 1st when three hundred Haitians were killed at Banica. On the night of October 2d last, there was a dance at a church at Dajabon in Dominican territory, just across the river from Ouanaminthe. Dajabon is pronounced Deye-a-bon by the Haitians. President Trujillo attended the dance and during the course of the evening he made a speech.

I talked to at least fifty Haitians who were living in Dajabon then and all of them gave the same version of that speech. None of them had been present, however, and regretfully we must ignore their testimony. This is a factual article.

Now let us meet his grace, Bishop Jean-Marie Jan, doctor of theology, doctor of philosophy, member of the Legion of Honor, French-born, Paris-educated, a scholarly, brilliant man. He is known in Cap-Haitien and in the hills of Haiti as "Monseigneur" and he is venerated by the people of the hills.

I had an appointment with the bishop at the rather terrifying hour of six o'clock on a Sunday morning. We sat in his bare office and he talked for nearly two hours.

"I know that President Trujillo made a speech that night." The bishop's voice was calm. It was as though he were giving a student a lesson in a classroom. "The president said in his speech, 'I came to the border country to see what I could do for Dominicans living here. I found that (Continued on page 34)



Top, the author examining the wounds of a Haitian girl who escaped the massacre. Below, a Haitian policeman, member of the republic's marine-trained force. Inset, Stenio Vincent, President of Haiti

East of Broadway

By
Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY JON WHITCOMB

The Story Thus Far:

AT a restaurant-bar in New York City, Andrew North, a racketeer, meets Morton L. Bemis, a lawyer from the Middle West. Bemis tells him an interesting secret: He is looking for a young man, Oscar Blunt—a professional dancer, known as "Eddie Lawson"—to inform him that, known only to Morton L. Bemis, he is the owner of stock worth more than a quarter of a million dollars!

A few hours after that chance meeting, Bemis is murdered—shot to death by Andrew North, who sees great possibilities in the situation.

Meanwhile, Eddie Lawson—stranded with his friend, Tiny Martin, a musician, in a small Southern town—has been working in a theater. There, in that placid town, he has met a girl, Linda Waring, whose voice is so appealing, so lovely, that he feels sure Broadway would give her an enthusiastic welcome. But how can he bring her—a young, unmarried girl surrounded by gossips—to Broadway and manage her without arousing the anvil chorus?

Quite a problem, that. Nevertheless, Eddie does bring Linda Waring to Manhattan, after going through a wedding ceremony with her—their understanding being that they are to be merely a platonic husband and wife. Tiny comes along, too.

But what about jobs? Eddie gets one, as master of ceremonies, at the Race Course, a tough night club. There he meets a man who, it seems, has been looking for him all over New York. The man is affable, extremely entertaining. Introduced to Linda, he orders champagne and he, Linda and Eddie drink to the future—and the nice new job he is going to secure for Eddie. Linda and Eddie like that man. His name is—*Andrew North!*

That same evening, Linda gets a job as a singer—at the Race Course. Coached by Eddie, she is a success. The Maison Hotcha hires her; from there she goes to the Nifty-Fifty. Still Eddie is far from satisfied; he wants to see Linda where she belongs: in the best clubs in the city. But how on earth can he, a low-salaried master of ceremonies with no influential friends (except Andrew North, a racketeer!), give her the necessary boosts?

One man alone can help, lend a hand: Vernon Gregg. Gregg and he are enemies, but Gregg, master of ceremonies at the brilliant Casino de Broadway, is his only chance. Reluctantly, he decides to appeal to Vernon Gregg.

His decision comes as a shock to Tiny Martin. For Tiny is well aware that Vernon Gregg is labeled by those who know him on Broadway: "Poison."

Linda walked to the window with Eddie, and they stood looking down at the park. Eddie asked, "Was I right or was I right? Everybody thinks you're a winner!"



V
VERNON GREGG was afflicted with chronic histrionics. He lived alone in a terrace apartment—which he called a penthouse—on East 56th Street. He strutted a Japanese manservant who was named Togo and had been taught to show off before guests. Mr. Gregg possessed an array of gaudy satin dressing gowns which he wore for company—and even alone—because he was fond of posing in front of the long mirrors with which his apartment had been liberally sprinkled. Entertaining anyone save his intimates—who knew better—he invariably held a pipe in his right hand because he had long ago been intrigued by photographs of handsome men holding pipes. The black stems and briar bowls seemed to supply a certain quality of brain with which nature had carelessly neglected to endow Mr. Gregg.

The man was rather above average height and inclined to be slender. His hair and eyes were black, his features sharply chiseled. He wore his hair long and went in for conservative clothes and loud neckties. As foremost exponent of the gentle art of master-of-ceremonying, he felt that he had a certain position to live up to, and if at heart he was nothing more or less than a ham actor—he mercifully didn't realize the fact. His overweening vanity was pardonable when one paused to consider his background and training—and also the fact that he avoided association with anyone who did not look up to him. There were a few exceptions to that rule—men whose careers had been so colorful that they excited interest and respect in Mr. Gregg's bosom. And one of these exceptions was Andrew North.

They sat now on the terrace of Vernon Gregg's twelfth-floor apartment. Despite the shimmering heat, Andrew North gave the appearance of being physically comfortable. Gregg, on the other hand, had dressed elaborately for the occasion in his most brilliant robe. "I'm going," said Andrew North, "but I hate to. It's infernally hot in the street."

Gregg waved a casual hand toward his terrace. "Cool little spot I have here."

"Yeh, I know. And plenty of privacy. I used to live in this house."

North moved toward the door which opened into the vividly modernistic living room. It was done in blue and gray: the mirrors were of blue glass and so were the end tables, the radio, the ashtrays and the too-massive coffee table. There was a wealth of highly polished chromium, and if the general effect was somewhat startlingly like a picture director's nightmare of modern beauty—Vernon Gregg himself was completely satisfied.

"Did you say," inquired North with apparent indifference, "that Eddie Lawson was coming up to see you?"

"Yeh."

"I thought you two didn't like each other."

"We don't."

"Then why—?"

"He probably wants a favor. It'll be fun to turn him down."

North shrugged. "You two boys shouldn't be that way. Eddie's not so bad."

"Not for you, maybe. But me—I just don't like any part of him."

THE hall buzzer sounded. Togo scurried to admit Eddie Lawson. Eddie stepped inside and was more impressed than he would have confessed, and the thought flashed through his mind that but for Gregg's unscrupulousness many years before, he would be living now in a place like this.

The two former partners stared at each other and North held out his hand to the newcomer and said, "Howdy, Eddie. Hot enough for you?"

"Boy! Is it!" Then, with poorly simulated friendliness. "Hello, Vern."

"Lo, Eddie. Siddown."

"Thanks . . ." Andrew North said goodby and left. Eddie fidgeted uncomfortably and reminded himself that he was here to ask a favor, so he observed, politely, "Pretty place, Vern."

"Oh . . . it's nothing much. Just a modest little spot. I'm kinda cramped, in fact."

"You must be . . ."

"Have a drink?"

"No, thanks. Too hot."

"Cigarette? My own brand."

"They'd be too rich for my blood."

"A spot of tea, maybe?"

Eddie smiled. "No . . . no tea, either. Let's get down to business. But first I want to go on record as saying that I still think you're the lowest-down double-crosser I ever met—or ever hope to meet. Having gotten that off my chest, I'm asking you a question: Would I come to you if I didn't have to?"

"No."

"Fine. At least we understand each other on that point. Also, I don't usually stick my chin out. So when I tell you that I've uncovered the biggest natural that's hit Broadway in ten years—you'll at least believe that I'm on the level about it."

"A dame?"

"Yeh—but not in the way your mind is working."

"No . . . of course not. You ain't that kind of a guy, are you?"

"I've had my moments," confessed Eddie easily, "but this happens to be strictly business. She's got something Broadway is panting for, and I'm handling her."

"What would I get out of it?"

"Reputation. You can be her discoverer. It wouldn't do you a bit of harm."

GREGG'S eyes narrowed. After all, he was a showman. So was Eddie Lawson. And if Eddie said the girl was good . . . He asked, "What does she do?"

"It isn't what she does, Vern—it's how she does it. All I'm asking is that you give her the once-over."

"Where's she working?"

"The Nifty-Fifty."

"That joint?"

"Uh-huh. And she's worked in some worse ones. All she needs is a break. You'll see, if you're willing to waste a few minutes looking."

"Is she pretty?"

"Yeh. But nice."

"I've met that kind before. What have you got in mind for her?"

"A spot in the Casino de Broadway. The new show."

"Is she ripe yet?"

"And how. She'll knock their eyes out."

"How much dough?"

"Fifty. But no contract."

Gregg whistled. "You *must* think she's got it."

"I don't think. I know." Eddie leaned forward. "What've you got to lose—except a few minutes of your time?"

"I don't want to do you a favor—that's all."

"Of course you don't. But you'd hate to pass up the chance of doing a nice turn for Mister Gregg, wouldn't you?"

Eddie's argument was sound and logical and impressive. The situation itself surprised Gregg. Eddie was desperate—that was certain. And then another thought occurred to the man in the burgundy satin dressing gown. It would be rather pleasant to visit the Nifty-Fifty and see this girl, and then to explode Eddie's dream. He envisioned himself saying, in superior fashion, "She's crummy. Better keep her where she is and hope she can hold the job." Or words to that effect. He said, "I'll think it over, Eddie."

"Nice of you, Vern. It's wonderful

An irritated dance director yowled at the girls, and Eddie Lawson, in shirt sleeves, did what he could to extract a bit of order from the chaos



how you really important folks waste time on us punks."

"Sarcastic as hell, ain't you?"

"I hope so. And now I'll be drifting along, my old friend."

All through that stifling afternoon, Eddie was nervous. Intimately as he knew Gregg, and much as he believed that Gregg would visit the Nifty-Fifty—he still wasn't sure. Fortunately Tiny remained away from Mother Hubbard's. He was looking for a job, and the quest seemed endless. Linda was busy washing lingerie and stockings and handkerchiefs. They met at dinner, and talked about the hot spell, and Eddie steadfastly refrained from hinting that Linda might be on parade that night.

THAT night the Big Apple—not being air cooled—was practically deserted, and Eddie begged off, telling the manager that he would be across the street at the Nifty-Fifty if he was wanted.

The Nifty-Fifty was pleasantly refrigerated and moderately patronized. At ten minutes before midnight, Eddie saw Vernon Gregg drift in, resplendent in white linen suit, panama hat . . . and carrying a malacca cane. Eddie said, "Crowd looks kinda dead, Linda. Let's see if you can wake 'em up."

She smiled and said, "I'll try."

The lights were dimmed, and Linda moved into the glare of the spot. She was confident and at ease—and yet the same shyness was there, the same demureness, the same virginal quality which seemed so to intrigue night-club patrons.

The orchestra played, and Linda sang. It was just another sweet little ballad, of no intrinsic merit, and with lyrics rather on the sappy side. The crowd was inattentive and indifferent. And then Linda's little gesture—the raising of her eyes, the sweep of the room, the provocative glance, and some customer saying, spontaneously and loudly, "Hot ziggity!"

Linda did three numbers. Before she finished the first, the patrons were listening. At the end of the second, she drew real applause. At the conclusion of her third number, they thundered for more. But after the first half minute, Eddie had not watched Linda. He had kept his eyes focused on Vernon Gregg.

It was true that Gregg was a thoroughly undesirable member of the human race, but it was equally true that he was a showman. And Eddie saw him grow tense and lean forward—saw that Gregg's interest in Linda keened to the point where he forgot everything except that he was looking at something new, something novel, something which gave promise of being a new Broadway sensation.

Eddie moved quietly across the room and seated himself at Gregg's table. And when Linda finished her third number, he asked, "What about it, Vern?"

Gregg hesitated—but not because he was in doubt. As though talking to himself, he said:

"She goes in, Eddie. She's terrific!"

And then, because he was Vernon Gregg, he made another comment.

He said, "And in addition to that—she'd be a swell break for any guy she happened to fall for."

EDDIE LAWSON elbowed his way through the entrance to the Casino de Broadway in time to catch the finale.

The place was crowded with the customary Casino de Broadway gathering, which is to say that ten per cent of those present were New Yorkers and ninety per cent were from out of town. There were sedate small-town businessmen whose bald heads wore cupid's-bow imprints of lipstick implanted impersonally by chorus girls during their cuddle number, there were parties of two and

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Boss for a Day

By Frank Condon

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

He wanted a house in the suburbs. She wanted a dog in a flat. Homes have been broken up on less. Who's boss in yours?

AFTER two years of serene married life, Jean and Pink were still living in the same half-portion flat to which they had hurried from the altar. Pink had taken two days from the office in which to be married, settle down and get under way in double harness. The flat was in Eighty-first Street and the neighbors were terrible people who sat on their front steps and yelled at one another. The block was full of babies, all two years old and good howlers.

Jean yearned to own a dog, an idea vetoed by Pink, who said it was premature and silly even to think of a dog. Pink's own ambition was to move out of the flat into large, elegant rooms. And that was wishing for the moon when you looked at the size of Pink's salary.

Even so, the two of them laughed a great deal, both day and night, as if life were a joke. Hardly a young couple in all New York laughed as unrestrainedly as the two Kitchells, and the hard-bit-ten neighbors put them down as a couple of imbeciles, for the neighbors all knew life on Eighty-first Street couldn't be that funny.

"A dog," argued Jean, whenever she thought about dogs, "would be nice company for me while you are at the office. And even if a dog wouldn't be nice company, I still like dogs. I want a dog."

"You talk like a submoran," Pink chuckled. "In a little do-hickey like this flat, a dog would be too much animal life. This joint is not suitable for dogs, zebras, pythons or caterpillar tractors. Wait until we move into a large apartment."

"Yes, and when?"

"Some day. You don't believe we'll live forever in this bat's nest?"

"Seven years from now, I shall have my dog," Jean lamented. "I will be a tottering old woman with rheumatism and maybe blind."

This was a mild untruth, as Jean was twenty-two and filled with enthusiasms and buoyancies. When she combed her hair back slick, she looked fifteen, and the neighbors referred to her as "the movie actress," which she was nothing of the kind. She was simply the bride of hard-working old Pink—twenty-six, bronzed and ambitious—and she was seven times as lively and pretty as any other bride in the vicinity.

Pink's proper name was Henry, but he never used it, except on checks, and his friends never used it. When they were married, he was knocking out thirty dollars a week, and now it was thirty-eight, which is on the way up, but not hell-roaring to vast wealth.

They were doling out forty-five a month for the flat and trying earnestly to save a little money for old age, having a bank book with fourteen dollars on one line and sixteen on another. Occasionally Jean's old gentleman mailed them a helpful check, whereat Pink

would break forth into zestful and spontaneous profanities.

Their closest friends were the Bo Brays, who lived in Flushing in a rambling green house, with a garage where the cellar should have been. The Bo Brays were grand people and slopped around the house all day Sunday in old bathrobes. Every so often, Jean and Pink barged over to the Bo Brays and tackled a meal of cold lamb and potato salad, and it was Bo Bray who upset Pink by showing him the little house in Flushing that afterward lived in his dreams. They looked at it one Sunday afternoon.

It was on the outskirts of Flushing, a jewel of purest ray and freshly painted. There was a front lawn, with a dab of hedge and a back lawn with bushes and roses and a white picket fence around most of it. The cottage was what any young husband would covet unashamed and break a leg to own. Pink had one long look at the layout and was never the same man again. Jean was more restrained, admitted it was a lovely and alluring little household and dismissed the matter, the same as if it had been Mr. Schwab's town residence.

The cottage was white and blue with a red roof and a brick chimney on either side. Four trees grew, two in front, two in the rear, and there were flowers in odd corners. Leaning against the picket fence, you could peer across a brook into a spacious woods, owned probably by some malefactor of great wealth. Pink flattened his nose against windows, tried to open doors, and peered inside, but it was pretty dim-looking.

"There's where I would like to live," he informed Jean and the Bo Brays. If anybody ever drives up to you on a red elephant and asks you where would

Pink Kitchell like to live, you say right here in this cottage by the woods."

"So would I," Jean agreed warmly. "It's a sweetheart. It's lovely. It's adorable. So what? How would you like to buy yourself the Tri-Borough Bridge and take long walks on it in the moonlight?"

"For such a young woman, you have no soul. Look at the fresh air. Look at all the lilacs growing and the open country and the woods and the gardens sprouting. Smell the rural smells. Come home nights from work and sleep like a babe. Grow strong amid the sylvan glades. I wish we lived here."

"I'm with you one hundred per cent," Jean said. "Go on and talk about it some more if it makes you feel good."

At the Bo Brays' house later on, when they were all eating chopped cabbage and pineapple salad, both the Bo Brays were truly sorry they had ever mentioned the cottage, for Pink wouldn't let anyone forget about it.

"How much would such a joint cost a person?" he inquired of Bo.

"I don't know. How much have you in the bank?"

"Nothing, or out of the bank, either. We get a check Fridays and if we ever miss that check, you have two new boarders."

"Then let us talk about the Giants," Bo suggested, "as it will do no good to be talking about vine-clad cottages in the wood."

"I could always borrow sixty dollars from father," Jean said brightly.

"Leave the father out of this," Pink said.

"The Giants," said Bo Bray, "are likely to win another pennant. Who would like more salad and beer?"

FROM that day forward, Pink Kitchell had something to think about in the still silences of the night when slumber fled. The for-sale sign had informed them they could find out about the cottage by calling on Mr. Gay in Flushing, but Jean coldly refused to walk in and ask. She said it was manifestly ridiculous to be gabbling about houses for young people, when you could walk around the corner and buy a dog. There was common sense talking about dogs on thirty-eight a week, but not much sense in thinking of domiciles, trees and picket fences. Pink only looked at her with a wan and hurt expression and said that if she could find a good school for retarded intellects, he would work her in for a tryout.

So Jean went around the corner by herself and had a long and friendly chat with Mr. Miller about dogs. The place was full of dogs and smelled exactly like a place that is full of dogs. To be a ken-

nel man, you must be entirely crazy about dogs and that's the way Mr. Miller was—a true canine fanatic, with dog hairs on his vest. He had dogs in cages and dogs in the window and dogs coming up- or going downstairs, dogs tied and dogs roaming freely and barking happily. They were mostly very young dogs, with poor personal habits. The walls were covered with pictures of dogs in colors and the floor was littered with iron dogs or glass dogs or dogs of imitation jade.

Jean patted eight or nine young pups, but did not fall in love until Hermie came wandering around a corner. Hermie was a confused-looking creature with hair growing over his eyes, through which he peered inquiringly, and Jean squealed and picked him up.

"There's a great pup," said Mr. Miller, with the benign expression of a dog man. "I mean I don't know when I've had a dog like Hermie. He's an aristocrat."

"How much would he be?" asked Jean.

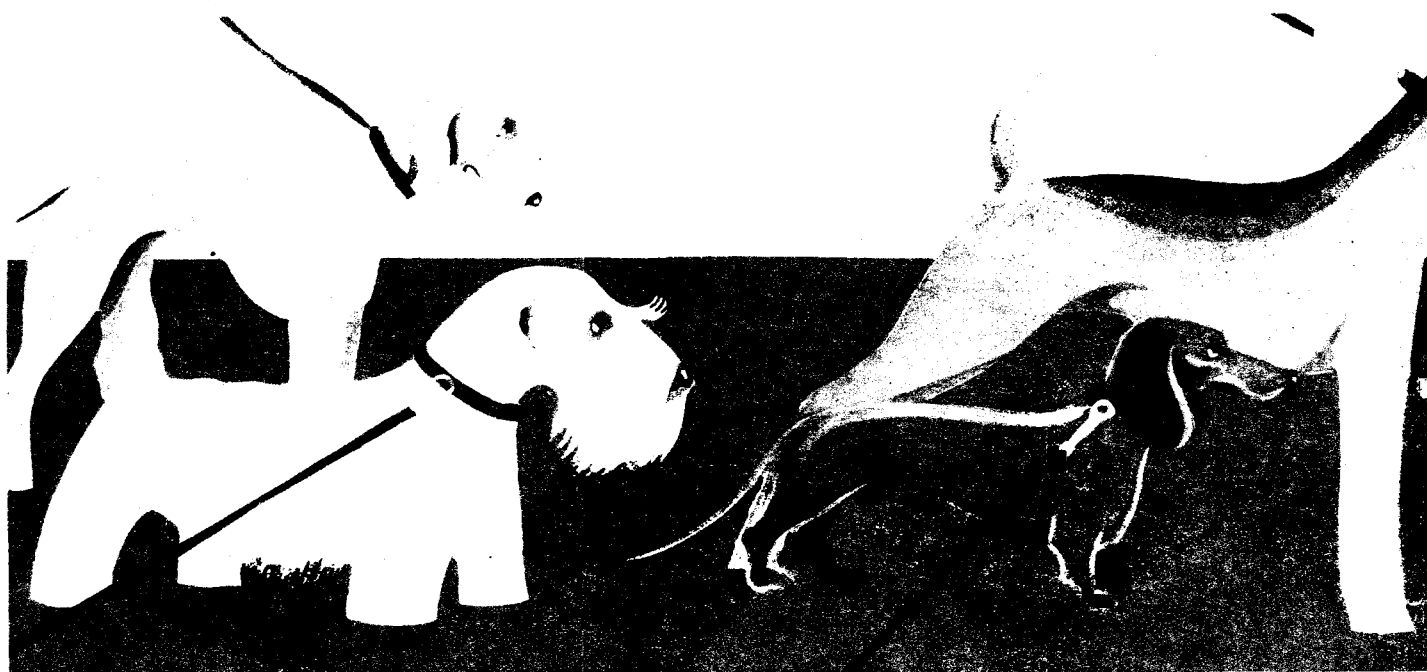
"Forty dollars. He's worth more, too. Hermie is a real blue-blood and you can't make any mistake, Mrs. Kitchell."

JEAN knew better than that. Considering Pink and his attitude, she could make a very violent mistake buying a blue-blood puppy for forty dollars. So she sighed and asked Mr. Miller, as a special favor, not to sell Hermie to anyone else for a week or two.

"Please, please do not sell him," she implored and she was so pathetic and earnest that Mr. Miller smiled and said he wouldn't sell—not for a while. Jean went on home to prepare Pink's supper, feeling that life is pretty rough on young married women.

At suppertime, they had one of their boss bets, an institution peculiar to the Kitchells and created by them. Jean bet Pink that on the following afternoon the Brooklyn Dodgers would defeat that sterling team, the New York Giants, and as that was giving Pink all the best of it, he accepted instantly.

It was not a wager involving money or goods. It was a straight boss bet, invented by the two and here is how it worked. At regular intervals—or irregular—they wagered and on anything. It might be a prize fight, a ball game, a hockey match, horse race or the state of the weather at two o'clock next Wednesday and by the agreed terms, the winner would have the right and privilege of being supreme boss in the family for a period of twelve hours, from six in the morning until night-time. During those hours, he or she would be undisputed tyrant, czar, master, dictator and lord of the flat. This idea came to them in the early months of the marriage and contained genuine merit. Pink had stated:



"The great trouble with most marriages is being bossy in the home. Marriages go on the rocks because one or the other of the contracting parties gets to being domineering and runs the partner ragged. One of them turns out to be strong-minded and the other gives in for the sake of peace. After a while, the family breaks up. We don't want any strong character in this family, do we?"

"I should hope not," Jean said heartily.

"In this outfit, each of us will have fifty per cent of the say-so. You don't boss me; I don't boss you. What you wish to do is precisely as important as what I want to do. Is that clear?"

"As crystal. You never order me around or yell at me and I never give you a command or order."

"That's the idea. We treat each other with unfailing courtesy," Pink cried, "just as though we were a couple of strangers in a hotel elevator."

"And thus," said Jean, "we shall never argue, bicker, quarrel, have trouble or get a divorce."

It was a sound idea and it worked handsomely, as it will with any young couple walking into the license bureau today or tomorrow. Later on came the boss-wager whimsey and occasionally the Brooklyns *would* beat the Giants or Joe Louis would defeat some white gentleman and if Jean happened to win, she had the privilege of selecting her boss day. The rules provided that the one who wasn't boss should obey each and every command for twelve hours and without a word of protest or the sign of a whimper.

ON HER Simon Legree days, Jean was never severe with Pink. She generally ordered him to climb out earlier than usual, fix up the bacon and eggs and bring along her breakfast on a tray, while she reposed languidly in bed. Or she ordered him to wear on that day a certain blue necktie with large dots, which she had bought in a loving moment and which he loathed. Once she made him hand over a faded sweater to the janitor, who needed a sweater, and on another day she forced him to have

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"That's a great pup," said Mr. Miller, with the benign expression of a dog man. "I mean I don't know when I've had a dog like Hermie. He's an aristocrat"



Dory O!

By James B. Connolly

Jerome Rush, a green hand at winter fishing, makes the crew of the Gloucesterman Cynthia look like a bunch of daisies

ABOARD the Cynthia, Joshua Bradley, master, we generally go in for fresh halibuting, but this winter the halibut runs dry on us, and old Josh says he'll be dash winged if he ain't going to have a try at dory hand-lining for cod and mebbe change his luck.

In case you don't know, dory hand-lining means one man in a dory, and a lot o' fishermen don't like manning a dory alone on the offshore banks in winter-time. I don't mind what kind o' fishing it is myself, me being the cook and not having to go out in any dory.

The Cynthia is due to sail and I'm on my way down aboard when I overhaul Sam Pryor. Sam don't mind single dory winter fishing. Sam don't mind anything at sea or ashore unless it's some woman trying to hook him into marrying.

Sam and me go along together and we run afoul of Brad Quilter and the three of us jogging abeam of one another sight Olin Magee. Olin is one of the Cynthia's crew, and a great one for reading books aboard the vessel.

I read a book sometimes myself. A crime mystery for choice. Take a day out to sea when it's too rough to put the dories over and all hands except me and the watch are ketching up on sleep—take a quiet day like that with me snug in the lee corner of the galley and a good crime story with four or five murders of important people and Scotland Yard sleuths having a Scotch and soda every time they turn around and—well, it's got everything driven to loo'ard for passing the time while I'm waiting for a roast o' beef to be done.

But no crude crime mysteries for Olin Magee. Jigsaw puzzles in words he calls them. It's what he calls real literature for him—meaning poetry and romance mostly. Aboard the vessel he'll read a poem, say, then drive the fo'c'sle deaf explaining what he calls the inner meaning of it. We don't half the time know what he's talking about, but as Sam Pryor says, a good shipmate ought to be allowed a few little insinuations, so we let Olin talk away.

Olin this morning is in his shoregoing clothes and is standing loose and easy on a Main Street corner.

"What's it, Olin," asks Sam, "a funeral?"

"No funeral," answered Olin. "I never did like single dory fishing and having a few dollars saved, I'm staying ashore and enjoying myself for the rest of the winter."

"Enjoying yourself how?" asks Brad.

"Oh, reading good literature, exchanging ideas with intellectual friends. Taking a run to Boston now and then for a good play or an evening at the opera."

"Olin's got the right idea," says Sam. "Relax. Sometime soon I think I'll stay ashore and have a good go at those Beano parties for charity, though where the charity goes I dunno. But what about the Cynthia, Olin, she ready to sail and Capt'n Josh havin' to find a man to take your place?"

"You'll find a man on the wharf right now to take my place," says Olin.

"Who is he?" asks Brad.

"You don't know him," says Olin. "Nobody aboard

the Cynthia knows him. His name is Jerome Rush, and he has never fished offshore in his life."

"Never fished offshore? Ain't you lettin' him in for a rough time? What else about him?" asks Sam. "How old is he?"

"He's twenty-two. And Sam, he's married."

"Married at twenty-two? He can't have good sense, Olin."

"I wouldn't say that, Sam. There could be extenuating circumstances."

"Name 'em," says Sam.

"Youth, Sam, youth, for one circumstance."

"Huh! You and me was young once, Olin, and no wimmin ever hooked us into marryin'."

"That's right, Sam, but it may be that you and I were too quick to shut our eyes to the purple light which in our day might have shaped our sailing course to—"

"Purple lights!" hollers Brad. "What kind o' sailin' lights are them?"

"I wish I had time to explain," said Olin, "but here's my bus, and a friend in West Gloucester wishes to discuss with me his last book on real romance and the real poets. And if Jerome doesn't make good," Olin hollers from the bus, "I'll go back aboard the Cynthia for the rest of the winter."

"Poets!" says Brad. "Does he mean he's shippin' a poet on us? I saw a photo of one in a magazine one time, and he wouldn't cut up for bait to look at—not good bait. He was wearin' a tam-o'-shanter and one o' those crape de sheen neckties."

THERE'S a young fellow with a fisherman's bag sitting on the cap log when we make the wharf. "There's Jerome," says Sam. "But I don't see any tam-o'-shanter on him, Brad."

"Maybe they don't wear 'em to sea," says Brad.

The young fellow is gazing across the harbor, and frowning like he's doing some heavy thinking. "Hi, there!" hails Sam; "what you lookin' so solemn about?"

"Was I? Perhaps I was," says the lad. "I was wondering how Captain Bradley would receive me when I ask for a chance on his vessel."

"We can tell you about Capt'n Josh," says Brad.

"He'll ask you ninety-nine questions and if you don't answer ninety-eight of 'em right he'll tell you to jibe over and head back to wherever it was you last come from."

Before Brad can cheer him up some more, Capt'n Josh comes along. He looks all around to check up on the crew, and right away he misses Olin Magee. "Where's Olin?" he yells. "Where in the name o' the prophets is Olin and the Cynthia ready to put to sea!"

Jerome steps up then, saying: "Captain Bradley, Olin sent me to take his place this trip."

"He did?" Josh looks him over. He has the trustful look of a lad who knows only one kind of people—good people—but he's a well-set-up lad and even a crew o' fresh halibuters would allow he's moderately husky.

"What experience you had?" asks Josh, and Jerome tells him about putting in his first two years out



of high school at smoke boating, and then two summers seining for mackerel, and two winters shore fishing. "And in between seasons I went a few trips steam trawling," he adds, like it's a happy thought.

"Steamboat fishin'!" snorts Josh. "You offerin' that for a recommendation to the master of an all-sail Grand Banker?"

"Not exactly, Captain," Jerome hurries on. "I went steam trawling for the experience. I am anxious to go offshore fishing for the experience. You see I've never been offshore fishing."

WHAT'S that?" says Josh. "You never fished offshore and you want to try winter offshore fishin' for a beginnin'?"

"I'd like to, Captain."

"So? What else about yourself?"

"I'm married, Captain, and—"

"Married?" snorts Josh. "You offerin' bein' married to prove you're qualified for a berth aboard my vessel! I been married and widdered four times, but—"

"And we have a baby three months old," goes on Jerome, as if he hadn't heard Josh.

"Over the side with the fam'ly hist'ry," says Josh.



"Go below, boy, and fill yourself to the hatches with hot coffee," says Josh. "I'll go below after I see my dory nested," says Jerome, and he stays there and helps nest his dory

ILLUSTRATION LITHOGRAPHED ON STONE
BY JAMES E. ALLEN

Wantin' you to think she's somethin' better."

"That's wimmin," said Sam. "They'll work to wind'ard of you ev'ry time. Go on, boy."

"We get to talking, and I ask her if I can call to see her the next evening, which is Sunday. She says I can, and to meet her in the garden back of the house. That was in June, a lovely night. We met other nights in the garden when I'm ashore between trips. In the fall I stayed ashore a trip and we were married."

"Where'd Olin come in?" asked Sam.

"Olin planned for me to drive the truck so that Muriel and I might meet in just that way."

"Why that way?"

"Oh, Olin said that if I knew who she was beforehand, I'd been frightened away."

"She wasn't the cook after all?" asked Sam.

"No. That was her father's house, and he's a college professor and he writes books about poetry."

"A college professor! And didn't he raise hell when he found his daughter marryin' a fisherman?" hollered Brad.

"No. He knew about me beforehand from Olin, and said that an infusion of five generations of fishing blood might be a good thing for a family that had been living by its wits for a dozen generations."

"Meanin' they're crooks?" asked Brad.

"Meaning they had been using their brains. Professors, authors, scientists and so on."

"And why'd Olin pick you specially to meet her?" asked Brad.

"I don't know," said Jerome.

THE call comes for all hands on deck to make sail.

There's the tramping of feet and yo-hoing from the deck, and above every other voice I can hear the yo-ho-hoing of Jerome.

Sam and Brad and Jerome come below from making sail. Jerome is almost out o' breath, and Sam says to him: "Take it easy, boy. Makin' sail at the beginning of the trip ain't any life and death matter—and there's nineteen other men besides you aboard here to haul on sheets and halyards."

"I know," says Jerome, "but Olin warned me that this crew set a fast pace, and I'm only trying to hold my own."

"Olin told you right," says Brad. "You'll go dizzy tryin' to hold your own afore you see Gloucester again."

Jerome looks hurt, and says, "You're not blaming me for tryin', are you?"

That night when Jerome is standing his watch, I ask Brad why he's riding Jerome, and he answers that it was a crime for Olin to put in his place a man green to offshore fishing in winter.

"Olin's real crime," says Sam, "is sending along a man that you don't understand."

"And you understand him, acourse?" says Brad.

"Not me," says Sam. "I don't understand any man who gets hooked into marryin' at his age. I leave understandin' his kind to Olin."

Four days later the Cynthia arrives at one of the skipper's favorite fishing (Continued on page 29)

"What else you got to say for yourself besides that?"

"What else?" The lad is one of the kind that can't hide what he feels from showing in his face. He looks wistfully at Josh. "I don't know anything else except that my father was a shipmate of yours on the Herodia twenty years ago. He was washed overboard and lost off her six years ago. He was Roderick Rush."

"Oh! oh! So you're Roderick's boy! Well, your father was a good shipmate and a dern good all-round fisherman, but that ain't sayin' you'll be, is it?"

"No, sir."

"Well, that bein' admitted, you go aboard and take Olin's bunk for'ard," says Josh.

I go below and turn to stowing away my galley stores. Jerome has emptied his bag and is tacking up a photo in his bunk of a happy-looking young woman with an infant in her arms. "My wife and son," says Jerome proudly, seeing Sam and Brad eying the photo. "And they're the reason why I want to be master of a vessel some day."

"Want your son to be master of a vessel some day too?" says Brad.

"If he wants to be," Jerome answers, "though I'd rather he wouldn't."

"What's wrong with fishin'?" asks Brad. "You're a fisherman, ain't you? And your father before you was a fisherman, warn't he?"

"And his father and grandfather before him," says Jerome. "But do you think doing the same thing forever is the best thing for a family?"

"Don't mind Brad," puts in Sam. "He's always inquiren' about things that don't matter. The important thing is—how'd you come to be hooked into marryin' so young?"

"Is twenty-one too young?" asks Jerome.

"Is twenty-one too young? Man, I'm forty-one and I ain't married. How'd you come to be married?"

"It was through Olin Magee. A friend of Olin's who drove a grocer's delivery truck wanted to take a Saturday off to go to Boston. My vessel was being overhauled at the time and Olin asks me if I will drive his friend's truck for the day. My very first delivery is in West Gloucester. I go to the back door, of course, and there's a girl in an apron in the kitchen."

"She asks me how I like driving a truck and I tell her I prefer my own job—fishing. I ask her then if she's the cook, and she says she's the cook for the day."

"Huh!" puts in Brad. "The cook for the day!"

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IPOR THOMAS, COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER



JUST inside the door as I go to my work each morning I stop and glance at a faded photograph hanging there. From my kitchens the briny tang of clam broth brewing, of chowders and fish stews simmering in preparation for the day's luncheon, calls me, but I can't pass that picture by.

It shows a tiny shop front in a none too elegant street, with a huge sign reading, "William Ockendon, Sobriquet Billy the Oysterman." A bald-headed man with splendid handle-bar mustaches stands proudly below it, and beside him a small boy gazes upward with round eyes. The small boy is myself.

My career as a restaurant man dates from that day on Wooster Street in downtown New York. Since then I've come to realize that all over the country there are people who remember Billy the Oysterman's and come back year after year for their favorite dishes, when they are in New York. I have experienced happy moments like the one not long ago when two ladies from New Orleans beckoned me to their table to tell me that I could have taught the late great Antoine, the originator of Oysters Rockefeller, how to fry oysters. But it was only recently that I've known why my choice of a career has been of such peculiar satisfaction.

The gentleman who revealed that to me was sitting at one of my tables not long ago, enjoying clams. Large succulent clams, chopped not too finely and baked in a white sauce thickened with egg yolks and flavored with chopped parsley, baked under a blanket of bread crumbs. He ate with the curious enjoyment of the gourmet, neither fast nor slow, and I noticed that he missed never a whiff of savory platters passing by on their way to other tables: the buttery char of broiled baby lobster, the bouquet of salmon and shrimp soup, the ocean spiciness of Manhattan clam chowder.

The author, more familiarly known to sea-food addicts as Billy the Oysterman, gourmet and chef extraordinary

"Billy," he said when he had savored the last mouthful, "sea food is the triumph of American cuisine." I stopped to listen, for the gentleman was Mr. André Simon, president of the British Food and Wine Society, author of several mouth-watering books, a man whose opinion on food I would respect even if it had not been so gratifying. He has dined in most of the famous eating places of the world. Wasn't it reasonable, he said, that on a flying trip to New York he should make it a point to come to Billy the Oysterman's for food he considered strictly—and triumphantly—American?

I had no thought of how typical it was that as a toddler I willingly sipped my daily quart of milk in rich oyster stew. Nor did my mother know, when she fed me and my brothers on pounds of boiled cod washed down with tingling clam broth, that she was filling us full of vitamins, iron, iodine and precious health-nurturing minerals. She only knew that fish was cheap and that we thrived on it.

Ours was a childhood of ebb-tide fragrances. Spring signaled its coming to us not with flower scents but with the piquant odor of soft-shell crabs sizzling in butter. On summer nights we hung out the window, watching bustling ladies on the sidewalk dipping up crisp flakes of fried fish with dainty fingers. Autumn meant the rhythmic click of opening oyster shells.

The customers called my father Oyster Billy when he set up his first oyster stand outside one of the rip-roaring saloons of the Seventies. At such a location he figured the public appetite for raw oysters and clams, too, was bound to be continuous. An English lad from Portsmouth—he also had been brought up on sea food—he worked his way over on a clipper ship and liked it so well here that he calmly stayed behind when she sailed again.

One oyster stand led to another—"Oysters, penny apiece, see 'em opened before your eyes!"—and then to the hole-in-the-wall shop with the sign, and

(Continued on page 52)

"It's a beauty, dad! Everyone says it's the best looking car on the street!"



CHEVROLET

People everywhere *are* saying that Chevrolet is the style sensation of 1938. Doubtless you have noticed its distinctive modern beauty yourself. Long, low, massive—a luxury car if ever there was one—it wins a tribute of admiration from every eye, a word of praise from every lip, when finished in any one of the rich, alluring colors Chevrolet is offering. *You'll be ahead with a Chevrolet . . . in style, in features, in performance, in economy . . . for the crown of value belongs to the car that is complete!*

CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION, General Motors Sales Corporation, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

*"You'll be **AHEAD**
with a **CHEVROLET!**
THE CAR THAT IS COMPLETE*

MODERN-MODE
STYLING

PERFECTED
HYDRAULIC BRAKES

GENUINE
KNEE-ACTION*

ALL-SILENT
ALL-STEEL
BODIES

VALVE-IN-HEAD
ENGINE

FISHER
NO DRAFT
VENTILATION

*On Master De Luxe
models only.

Old Fashioned Good Taste

for an "Old Fashioned" that tastes good!

Resolved: To observe 1938's Golden Rule for good taste

... to serve GOLDEN WEDDING. All whiskey ... its

richer goodness has had no peers for fifty years.

Old Fashioned

½ Lump Sugar
1 Teaspoon Water
1 Dash Bitters

Muddle well in Old Fashioned glass. Add cubes of ice, ½ slice of orange, 1 piece pineapple, 1 Maraschino cherry, piece lemon peel, 1 jigger Golden Wedding.

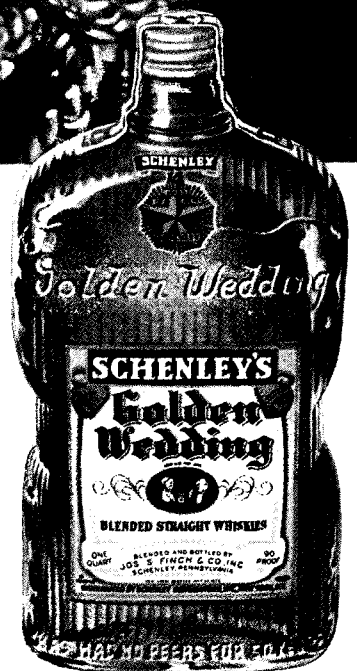


You know where  you're heading with
Golden Wedding

BLENDED STRAIGHT WHISKIES—90 PROOF

AS YOU PREFER... IN RYE OR BOURBON

COPYRIGHT 1938, JOS. S. FINCH & CO., SCHENLEY, PA.



Boss for a Day

Continued from page 19

his hair cut. When Pink won, he sometimes made her stand on her head or recite as many of the Ten Commandments as she could remember.

On a certain important day in sport annals, Detroit beat the Yankees by one run and Jean happened to have Detroit. At breakfast she said: "All right, Pink. I am the ruler of the roost for today and you are to say nothing. You have no opinion or right of speech. In that Chinese god on the mantel is the sum of twenty dollars, which I saved myself. I have talked it over with Mr. Miller and he is going to let me have Hermie for twenty dollars, as a special favor. After breakfast, I am walking around the corner and will buy Hermie."

"A dog?"

"Certainly, a dog. A most beautiful dog. So say nothing and smile, as this is my day."

"I have nothing to say, but you know what I think about dogs."

THAT very morning, Hermie was in his new home, trotting about, smelling the furniture and leaving hairs everywhere. When he returned from the office, Pink stared in unfeigned loathing.

"I can understand many things," he grumbled, "but I cannot understand how any sane female would want a thing like that. It looks like something you wipe an automobile with."

"You will get to like Hermie," Jean assured him. "He will grow on you."

"If he does, I will have him shaved off. And in case you get lonely here with Hermie while I am at work, I know where we can buy a water buffalo."

Sunday morning, the Bo Brays telephoned early, saying it was obviously a handsome day for a jaunt to the seaside,

and how would the battling Kitchells like to steam on down to the beach, go in swimming, or not go in swimming and just eat cold roast beef in the open?

"Can I bring my new dog?" Jean demanded, while Pink swore softly.

The Bo Brays stated that above all else, they loved dogs and to bring Hermie and afternoon found them on the sands, where Jean took rapturous pictures of everyone, but mostly she took photos of Hermie, who bounded joyously from dune to dune, never having seen an ocean before.

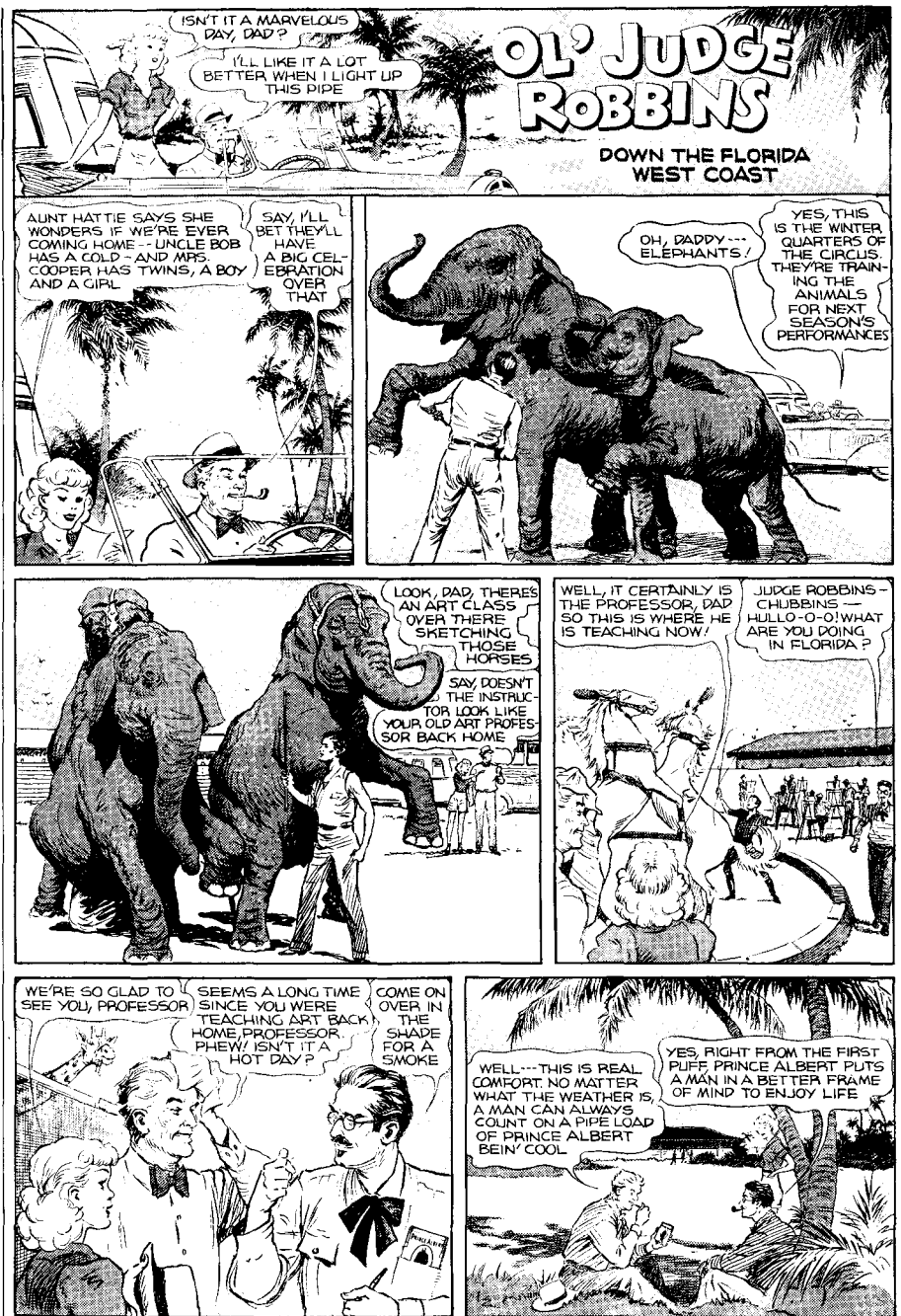
Pink was inclined to be sulky, refused to pose with Hermie, declined to have any dealings with Hermie, and said there would soon be a law keeping dogs off beaches. The Bo Brays were wild about Jean's pet and helped her with the camera. A week later, Jean had the pictures printed and they turned out fine. There was a particularly good one of Hermie, sitting on his haunches, close to the breakers, staring at the limitless sea with what appeared to be complete astonishment.

"That one is a pip," said Bo Bray.

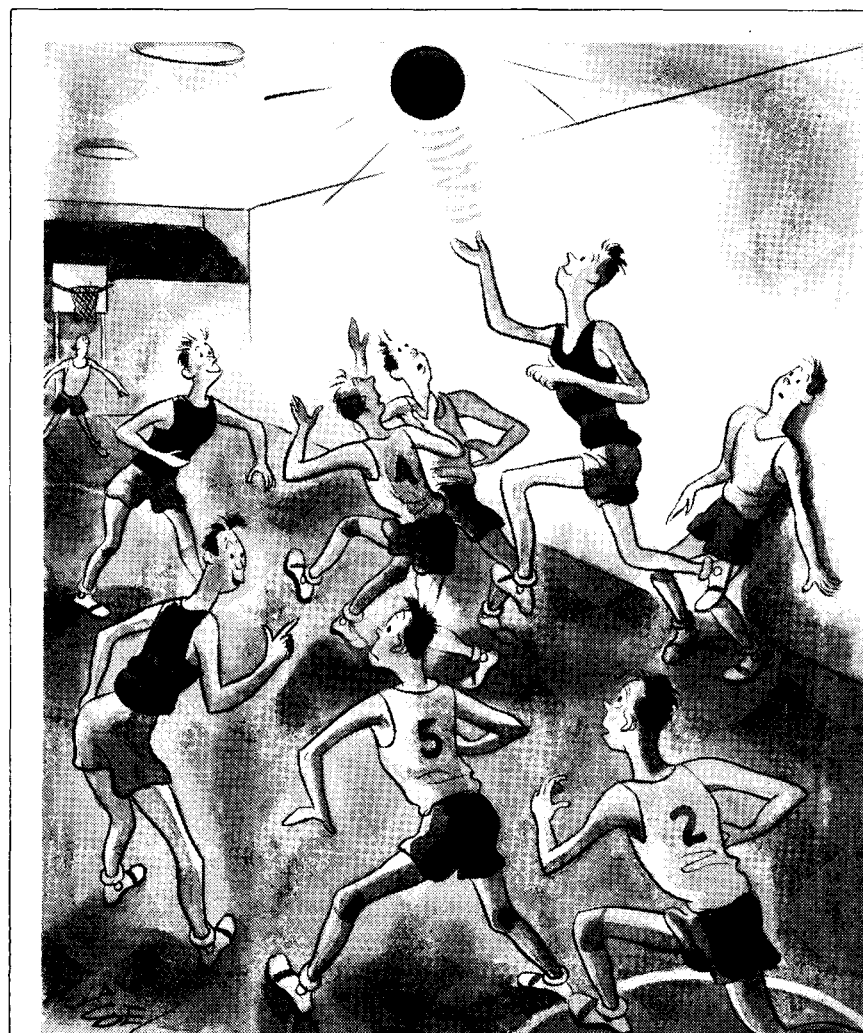
Jean thought it was a pip, too, and a further thought popped into her mind. She had it enlarged and mailed it in to the Sunday Globe-Press, where they were running a contest for amateurs, with dozens of prizes for the fortunate. Jean hoped to win ten or fifteen dollars. She received a letter from the Globe-Press, announcing that they were happy to award her first prize in their annual amateur picture contest.

"Enclosed find check for two hundred and fifty dollars, first-prize money."

Jean was alone in the flat at the time, read the letter three times, the last time aloud to be sure of it. She stared at the



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"He finds it easier to dribble from the ceiling!"

ROLAND COE

MEN! YOU'RE ENTITLED TO MEMBERSHIP IN THE PIPE-JOY CLUB!



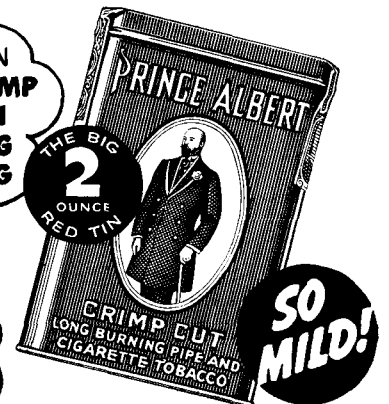
THERE'S INSPIRATION IN PRINCE ALBERT. THE CRIMP CUT ASSURES SMOOTH PACKING AND DRAWING - AND MELLOW SMOKING



I CAN AFFORD ANY TOBACCO - BUT PRINCE ALBERT IS SO WONDERFULLY MILD - IT'S NO-BITE TREATED!



SURE I CAN AFFORD RICH, FULL-BODIED SMOKES. I GET AROUND 50 PIPEFULS FROM EVERY POCKET TIN OF P.A.



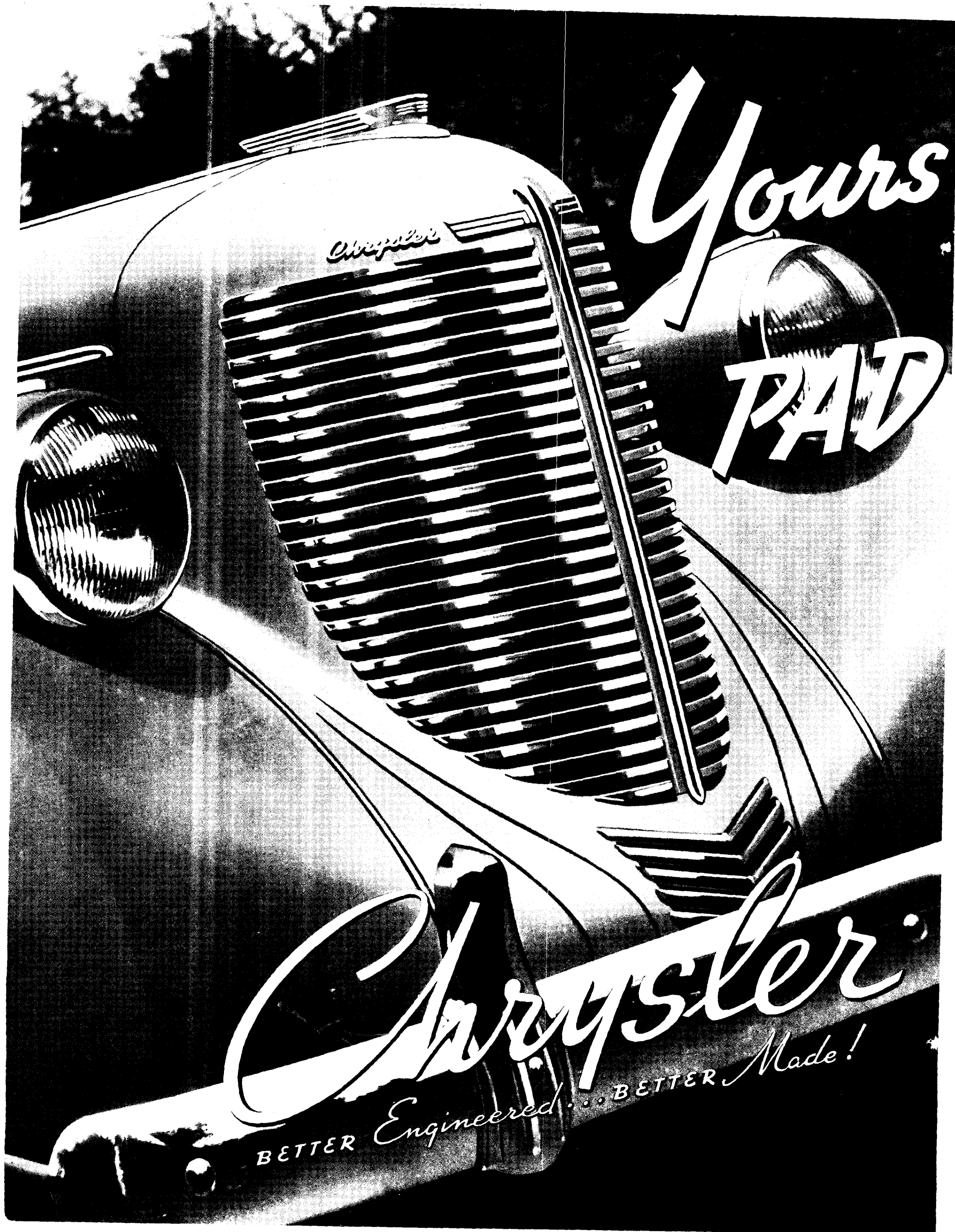
CHECK EVERY CLAIM AT OUR RISK-

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

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PRINCE ALBERT

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE



without a IN THE PRICE!

\$1010

for the Chrysler Royal Sedan
with trunk, delivered in Detroit

WHEN YOU BUY A Chrysler Royal, it's ready to *drive*. You don't have to buy a lot of expensive "extras" to fit it for the road, because these "extras" are included in the advertised price of the Royal. They're necessities, really. And when you add their cost to the advertised prices of cars not so fully equipped, you'll realize, more than ever, that Chrysler Royal is the biggest buy in the low-priced field! With all of the following:

Federal tax paid . . . spare wheel, spare tire and tube . . . bumpers . . . bumper guards . . .

dual tail lights . . . dual windshield wipers . . . dual sun visors . . . cigar lighter . . . large trunk . . . 119-inch wheelbase . . . 95 horsepower . . . Safety *All-Steel* Body with choice of upholstery . . . Floating Power . . . Aero Hydraulic Shock Absorbers . . . time-tested hydraulic brakes . . . and scores of other Chrysler engineering features!

The Chrysler Royal is available in ten body styles. Prices start at \$918 for the coupe, ready to drive in Detroit.

For delivered price in your town, add only: Transportation \$____, Local taxes (if any) \$____.

THERE IS NO "padding" in the price of that phenomenal performer, the Chrysler Imperial. The body style you want . . . the equipment you've got to have . . . even many items that would be classed as luxuries . . . you'll find they are all covered by Imperial's remarkable price! Remember, when you're comparing "advertised" and "delivered" prices . . . with the Chrysler Imperial, all these are included:

Federal tax paid . . . spare wheel, spare tire and tube . . . bumpers . . . bumper guards . . .

dual tail lights . . . dual windshield wipers . . . dual sun visors . . . dual horns . . . cigar lighter . . . large trunk . . . 125-inch wheelbase . . . 110 horsepower . . . Safety *All-Steel* Body with choice of upholstery . . . Floating Power . . . Aero Hydraulic Shock Absorbers . . . time-tested hydraulic brakes . . . and scores of other Chrysler engineering features!

The Chrysler Imperial is available in six body styles. Prices start at \$1123 for the coupe, ready to drive in Detroit.

For delivered price in your town, add only: Transportation \$____, Local taxes (if any) \$____.

\$1198

for the Chrysler Imperial Sedan
with trunk, delivered in Detroit

**CHRYSLER SWEEPS ON
IN THE LOW-PRICED FIELD!**

TUNE IN ON MAJOR BOWES, COLUMBIA NETWORK, EVERY
THURSDAY, 9 TO 10 P. M., EASTERN STANDARD TIME

Mother-in-law steps in — knocks cold 2 ways



WIFE: Ker-choo! Think your wife'll do for her very first party in her new home Saturday night? Ker-choo!

HUSBAND: It'll be a party without a hostess unless we do something for that cold. You need a laxative, honey, and something to counteract acidity.



MOTHER-IN-LAW: And here's what gives you BOTH—*Sal Hepatica*. My nice young doctor told me! Drink it, dear, right away.



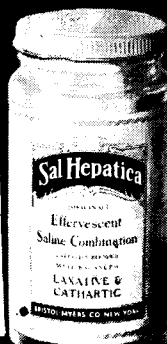
HUSBAND: Honey, you're marvelous! The party's marvelous! Every woman here is green-eyed!

WIFE: Green-eyed because I've got YOU, dear. But I'd have been red-eyed and red nosed, if your mother hadn't known about *Sal Hepatica*.

A cold coming?

- 1—cleanse the intestinal tract
- 2—help Nature combat acidity

Do **BOTH** at once with
SAL HEPATICA



Tune In: Fred Allen in "Town Hall Tonight"—full hour music, drama, fun Wednesday nights—N.B.C.—coast to coast.

check, turned it over to look at the back, turned it around again, and it continued to be a check for two hundred and fifty of Uncle Sam's best. She danced up and down the small flat. She sang, squealed, seized Hermie and showed him the check and rushed to the telephone, at which point she paused. Why tell that Pink person anything about it?

The next day she cashed the check at the bank, where she felt pretty sure she would be arrested. The money she placed carefully in a jar in the kitchen and never a word did she say to Pink Kitchell, her lawful husband, or to the Bo Brays or any living soul. She let Hermie look at all the money in the jar, patted him on the head, loved him more than ever and spoke to him in baby talk, a thing any husband detests and properly. Whenever she thought about the money, she giggled in excitement, looked at Pink and determined to save the happy news until his birthday and then tell him to walk out into the kitchen and have a look in a certain jar.

Then came a Friday night when they sat at a dinner of sauerkraut and spare ribs, a Pink special, with Hermie inquiring dog fashion if there was any chance. Pink said: "We haven't had a boss bet in some time, have we?"

"Correct," said Jean. "Let's bet."

"There is a night baseball game in Cincinnati. I'll take Chicago and you can have Cincinnati."

"No doubt you are giving me the best of it," said Jean, but she accepted and that was the night Chicago beat the ears off Cincinnati, as clearly shown by the morning papers. Pink read the score before getting out of bed.

"And," he added, "I will take today as my boss day, for this is my day off from the office."

"All right by me," Jean answered. "Where do you begin?"

"I have a surprise for you, little woman . . . I am today selling Hermie to Bo Bray for the sum of fifty dollars in cash money."

Jean raised her head from her coffee and stared at her husband blankly.

"Say that all over again," she said, "because I don't think I heard you right."

"You did. Today I am selling the dog to Bo Bray. For some reason, he's crazy about the pup and hence the fifty dollars which is thirty more than you paid. With the fifty, you can buy yourself a winter coat and maybe a hat. We make money on the deal. Bo has a large, rambling home for Hermie to explore. Later on you buy yourself another dog, because dogs are all alike."

"But, listen, Pink—"

"It's my boss day, isn't it? You know the rules, don't you?"

"Yes, I know the rules," Jean answered quietly. "Has Bo paid you yet?"

"He has not."

JEAN thought of the prize money and looked stern.

"All right, Pink," she said. "As this is your day off, we may as well start for Flushing, hand over the dog and get the money. After all, we're making a profit and a good one, and, as you say, dogs are all alike."

On the way to Flushing, Pink relented a trifle and told her not to feel any too downcast, for dogs are dogs, and in due time she would have another, possibly when they moved into bigger quarters. Jean led Hermie on a leash and they went over on the usual train. When they left the Flushing station, Jean did something unexpected. She summoned a taxicab. Pink looked astonished, but she explained she didn't feel like walking, and when the cab started, Jean told the man where to drive.

In a few minutes, Pink glanced out the window and said: "Hey, where we going? This isn't the road to Bo Bray's."

"It's a little roundabout," she admitted, "but not much."

"You're acting very strange today," he remarked.

"I feel a little strange. Who wouldn't?"

The cab swung around a long curve and Pink suddenly realized where they were. His face brightened. The cab squeaked to a halt in front of the white picket fence that was part of his dreams.

"I thought you'd like to see the little cottage again," Jean smiled. "Seeing we are over here in Flushing."

"I sure would." He grinned. "There's a sight I can look at all day long."

They climbed out. When they arrived at the veranda, Jean opened her bag, took out keys and began fiddling with the lock on the front door. Pink halted and stared.

"What do you think you're doing?"

"I'm going to open the door."

"You can't do that."

"Can't I? Why not. It's ours."

"What do you mean—ours?"

"Our future home. This is where we live, starting next week."

BY THIS time, she had the door open and they moved inside, where Pink had his first good look at the unparalleled excellence of the home. He walked from room to room, seemingly dazed. In the kitchen, he sat himself upon a tub and demanded to know the joke.

"We have bought this place from Mr. Gay, the real-estate man, and our furniture comes in next week. He agreed to take two hundred and fifty dollars down and you can pay off the balance on easy terms, like our rent in town."

"You paid two hundred and fifty!"

"I did that."

"Where would you get two hundred and fifty?"

"I will now tell you where," Jean said gently, and, leaning against the electric refrigerator, she let him have it—Hermie—beach pictures—prize contest in newspaper—first prize in cash money and no fact omitted. While she explained, Hermie prowled slowly about the cottage and seemed to approve. Pink slid down from his tub wordlessly, walked over and tried to take her in his arms, but she pushed him away. He tried to think of something to say, but failed. He walked into the living room, stared down at the fireplace and Jean came along behind him.

"They turn on the gas and water on Monday," she explained. "I was fixing up a surprise party for you, as next week is your birthday. There is nothing more for us to do here, except to deliver Hermie to Bo Bray and get your money."

"Bo Bray be hanged," Pink shouted. "This is my day to be the boss, isn't it?"

She made no reply.

"All right, then, I'm boss and what I say goes in this family and I have changed my mind about selling Hermie to Bo or anybody else. Hermie stays with us forever. Hermie is a great dog and you could never find another like him. I was fond of him from the very start and was merely trying to get you a winter coat—and maybe a hat. . . . Boy, what a joint this is, hey? If a family couldn't be happy in a house like this, then they couldn't be happy anywhere on earth. Look at those trees!"

While she was looking at the trees, he sneaked up and seized her in a tight embrace and as he was much stronger than she, there was little she could do about it, except wink back a tear or two and kiss him. While they were thus clasped in the center of their unfurnished living room, Hermie surveyed them and wondered what they were doing.

Pink and Jean strolled, arm in arm, slowly into the yard, looked at everything and talked in jumpy half-sentences, indicating the ecstasy that comes only once in the lives of young married people.

Dory O!

Continued from page 21

spots on the Grand Banks. She drops her anchor and the dories put out from the vessel. It's early in the afternoon, and there's a look of snow in the sky. After three hours or so, Josh ain't liking the weather signs, and night being almost on us, he starts blowing the fog horn, which is the signal for the dories to come back aboard. Before long they're all back aboard except Jerome.

Josh keeps sounding the foghorn without giving it time to draw an extra breath, and by 'n' by Jerome comes rowing alongside. He has a deep-loaded dory o' fish, which appeases Capt'n Josh some, but not altogether. "I been soundin' the foghorn for all of an hour," he roars at Jerome.

"I heard you, Captain Josh," says Jerome.

"Then why in the name of the seven plagues did you delay comin' aboard and a snowstorm threatenin'?"

"But the snow held off, Captain Josh."

"But s'posin' it didn't hold off? And there was night comin', and you mebbe goin' astray?" says Josh. "It's easy to get lost in a thick o' snow on a winter night. Remember that."

IT'S a couple of weeks later and Jerome has been holding his own, ketching his full share o' fish and doing a full shipmate's duty aboard the vessel. Then a morning comes that promises to be a rough day. Even hard-driving old Josh hesitates to order the dories over. But he finally does it. I stayed on deck a while to watch.

Jerome's dory is farthest to loo'ard from the vessel when he gets to where Josh directs him to go. I can just make out his dory when she pitches up to the top of a sea. When I come on deck next time I can't see his dory at all—nor Brad's which was next furthest to Jerome's to loo'ard. I can only see a few dories near the vessel when they go tossing to the top of a sea.

Old Josh always has pangs of conscience when he's done somethin' he oughtn't done. It's probably what's left of his early religious upbringing. When I'm on deck again to see what's doing, Josh is in the rigging, staring out over the sea. He drops down to the deck saying: "Mebbe I oughtn't ordered them dories overboard today, Jud."

I didn't think he ought, there being a bitter cold northwest wind beside the

high-riding seas, but Josh is feeling bad enough, so I don't say anything. And, after a while, he starts sounding the signal for the dories to come back.

By and by all hands are aboard, except Brad and Jerome. They are the easterly, which means the leeward, dories, and half a dozen of the crew go on lookout in the rigging for them. Being the leeward dories means a hard time for them to make the vessel. After half an hour aloft the lookouts report no sign of a dory, so Josh orders the anchor hove up and sail made. The men to the masthead keep hi-ohing! to the east'ard and Josh keeps tacking the vessel across the sailing course to where Brad and Jerome ought to be.

By and by a lookout sights a man on the bottom of a capsized dory. It's Brad, and he's clinging to the plug strap. He's stiff as a frozen smelt almost when he's hauled aboard, and he don't even try to speak till he's below decks and has hove three mugs of hot coffee into himself.

"Cold! Cold!" he said then. "Another half hour and all you'd found o' me would be a two-hundred-pound icicle—if I wasn't washed overboard and lost afore you found me."

Josh asks him when he'd last seen Jerome, and Brad tells him. It was when their two dories came riding to the top of a sea together. Jerome's dory was capsized then and her anchor was parted and she was driftin' to th' east'ard afore the strong wind and tide.

Josh tacks ship all the rest of that day without seeing any dory. For hours on end he stays to the wheel. With night closing down, he thinks of anchoring the vessel. The tide that drifted Jerome's dory away has to turn and drift him back some, says Josh, and mebbe Jerome then'll see the Cynthia's riding light, and it'll hearten him up to make for the vessel.

"If he ain't froze to death," says Brad, and just then Sam Pryor, who's still aloft, hollers down: "Hi below! Dory O! Dory! On deck there! A capsized dory off our lee bow."

The skipper swings her off and hollers: "Any signs o' Jerome, Sammie?" "No sign of anything," hollers back Sam, "except a sou'wester layin' against the lee bow o' the dory."

"Poor Jerome!" says Josh. "Well, I'll salvage the dory anyway."

Sam comes sliding down the back stay

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FOR HUSBAND AND *WIFE*



Is your wife in your retirement picture?

After sixty-five you will receive a life income, if you are employed in an industry included in the Government's Social Security plan. But if you do not reach sixty-five, the benefits your wife will receive from this source will be small . . . too little to give her a life income or to take care of dependent children.

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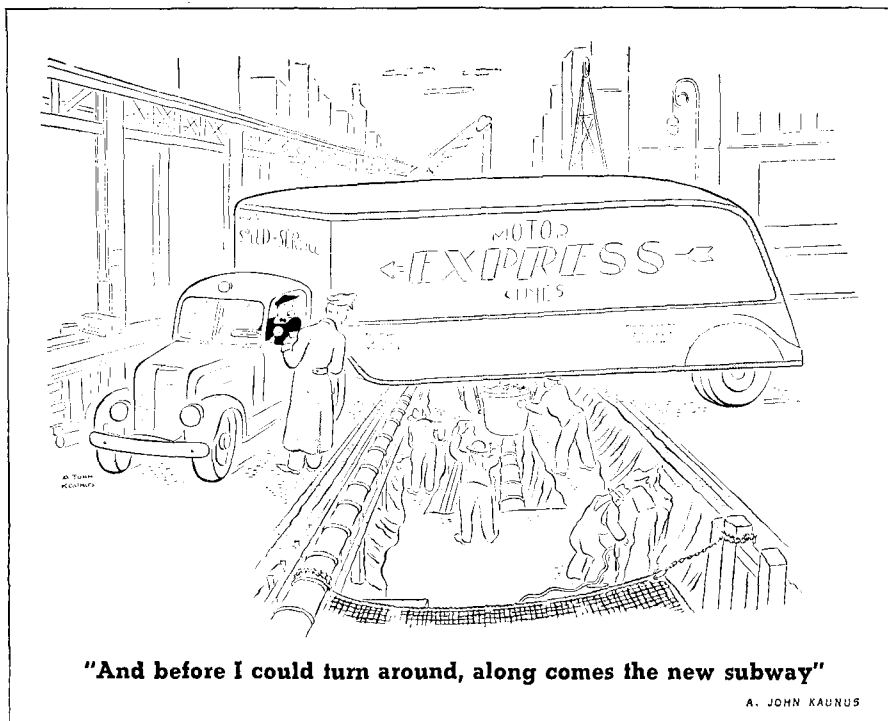
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"And before I could turn around, along comes the new subway"

A. JOHN KAUNUS

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More for The Money!

THIS BIG BEAUTIFUL CAR is the new 1938 Plymouth. It offers you more *dollar-for-dollar* value than any low-priced car ever offered you before!

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Go see Plymouth—drive it! That will tell the whole story. Look at its size—check its features! Get the sensation of Plymouth's great new ride!...there's no matching it!

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gives you the *extra value* of "live" rubber body mountings that block out road noise and vibration... "radio studio" sound-proofing... airplane-type shock-absorbers... and patented Floating Power engine mountings.

There's *extra value* in Plymouth's safety, too. Plymouth's *double-action* hydraulic brakes stop you smoothly, safely. Around you, over you, under you, is the security of an all-steel body... welded into one rigid unit.

The 1938 Plymouth steers faster, handles

easier... the windshield has 12% more vision. And the whole interior is Safety-Styled.

In every way, this is the greatest Plymouth ever built. You cannot know this car until you've ridden in it—driven it. See it today—and find out about Plymouth's great value. See any Dodge, De Soto or Chrysler dealer. PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Michigan.

TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES' AMATEUR HOUR... COLUMBIA NETWORK, THURSDAYS, 9 TO 10 P. M., E.S.T.

NEW 1938 4-DOOR SEDAN AS ILLUSTRATED

\$730 DELIVERED
IN DETROIT
Including
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from aloft, hollering: "Did y' ever see a sou-wester floatin' right side up in a sea? I never did afore, Capt'n Josh. There's something under that sou-wester holdin' it up. And the dory's painter looks like it's fouled with the plug strap."

We're all thinking the same thing—Jerome fouled the painter when the dory capsized and couldn't work himself clear.

We draw near the dory, with Sam standing by the rail with a gaff to hook Jerome's body up from under the sou-wester. We hear a whoop from Sam and a voice—Jerome's voice—hollers: "Lower the tackle, and hoist my dory aboard."

A white face is looking up at us from under the sou-wester.

"Are you all right, Jerome?" yells Sam.

"I'm all right—why shouldn't I be?" says Jerome's voice. "Lower the dory tackle."

The dory is hoisted over the rail with Jerome hanging on to her bow. He casts off a couple of half hitches of the bow painter from around his body and drops onto the deck.

"Go below, boy, and fill yourself to the hatches with hot coffee," says Josh.

"I'll go below after I see my dory nested," says Jerome, and he stays right there and helps nest his dory.

I HAVE a hot supper and half a gallon of hot coffee waiting for Jerome, and he's sitting in to it when Josh comes below, and says: "Dern rough, warn't it, when you was washed overboard from your dory, Jerome?"

"It was rough enough to capsize the dory, but I wasn't washed overboard," said Jerome.

"What's that?"

"I went overboard myself, Captain Josh. Sea water you see is never so cold as the air on a cold winter day."

"Acourse not!" says Josh. "If 'twas it'd freeze, and salt water don't freeze."

"And that wind was so cold that—"

"I been facin' winter no'west winds for thirty-odd years—I know how cold," says Josh. "Go on."

"—so cold that I knew I'd have to be doing something about it or freeze solid. So I dropped overboard, hauled the painter up from under the bow of the dory and ran the end of it up through the plug strap on the bottom of the dory. I put my feet in the bight of it under water to support my weight, took two half hitches of the painter end around my waist, and with only my head out of water I waited for you to come and find me."

"Mm—what made you think o' that trick?" asks Josh.

"I had to think up something, Captain Josh, if I wanted to see my wife and son again."

"M-m-m-m," said Josh. "Get them wet clothes off you and into your bunk. Get!"

Jerome gets out of his clothes and into his bunk, has a peek at the photo of his wife and boy, rolls over and falls to sleep.

During the night the sea moderates and the wind hauls into the south; so at daylight, the dories go over the side again.

Jerome and Brad are both asleep. An hour later Jerome wakes up, stretches himself, has a peek at the family photo, then a peek around the fo'c'sle: "Where's ev'rybody, Jud?"

"Josh said not to call you."

"He said! The dories are out but I'm not to be called!" He bounces out of his bunk, grabs his clothes from where I have them drying in the galley, gets into them, gulps down two mugs of coffee, and hustles up the deck ladder.

The next thing I hear him saying polite as hell to the skipper: "Would you mind telling me, Captain Bradley, why

I wasn't called to go in my dory this morning?"

"Why, Jerome," explains Josh. "After you bein' eight hours overboard yestiddy, I didn't think you'd feel able to—"

"And don't you think, Captain Bradley, that I should be allowed to say whether I am able or not?"

"Now you look here!" shouts Josh. "I'm master of this vessel, and I'll give the orders aboard here and them orders'll be carried out or—or—"

And Jerome drops his polite voice and yells back: "I'll obey no orders that make me look like a springtime daisy. You told me that my father being a good fisherman was no proof to you that I would be a good fisherman. And I wasn't fairly aboard this vessel when I was told that the pace this crew set would be too fast for me. I'm taking no favors from you, Captain Bradley. If I don't go out in my dory today, you can put me ashore when the vessel makes Gloucester."

"Now, now, Jerome, I ain't never puttin' you ashore," says Josh.

"Thank you for that, Captain Bradley. It will be good news for my wife."

Josh and me hoist his dory over the side, and Josh looks after him rowing away from the vessel. "Who was it told me he wrote poetry? Huh! Brad! Crape de sheen neckties!" And down he clumps into the fo'c'sle, and shakes Brad awake and hollers: "What you think you are aboard here—a passenger? Out o' that bunk and into your dory."

"But, Capt'n Josh," says Brad, "I was on the bottom of a dory yestiddy for all o' two hours."

"And Jerome was overboard for eight hours yestiddy. And where's he now?"

Brad looks toward Jerome's bunk. "Where is he, Capt'n Josh?"

"Where is he? What do you take him for—a spring daisy? Jerome's out in his dory."

"In a dory today after yestiddy? Jeepers!" says Brad, and rolls out of his bunk.

We're on our way home with a good haul of cod and Sam and Brad and Je-

rome are sitting on a locker together. "I ain't seen you writin' any poetry since you come aboard," says Brad.

"Poetry? I write poetry?" said Jerome. "I don't even read poetry. My wife reads poetry to me when I'm home and I like to listen to her. Some of those old heroes must have been wonderful men."

"It looks to me, Brad, like it's over the side for tam-o'-shanters and crape de sheen neckties," says Sam.

WE ARRIVE in Gloucester, and after supper that night Sam and me are walking when we meet Olin Magee, who's waiting for a West Gloucester bus.

"What sort of a shipmate did you find Jerome?" asked Olin.

"He's a darn' good shipmate, and for dory work—man!" He tells Olin about Jerome those two dory days. "But he don't write any poetry," adds Sam.

"He does better," says Olin. "He lives it. He thinks this is a wonderful world and full of good people. Being that kind he's afraid of only one thing—that he won't be as good as the next man. That kind, having no fear to die, are great men in danger. He ought to make a great dory mate for somebody, Sam."

"You left out one thing."

"What?"

"His people for four generations before him were fishermen too. I got nothin' against poetry, but five generations o' fishin' blood—there's something to have in a dory mate also, hah, Olin?"

"Of course," says Olin, "but also—"

"To loo'ard with any more also," says Sam. "And tell Jerome when you see him that the Cynthia is goin' back to fresh halibutin', and I'm speakin' him right now for a dory mate."

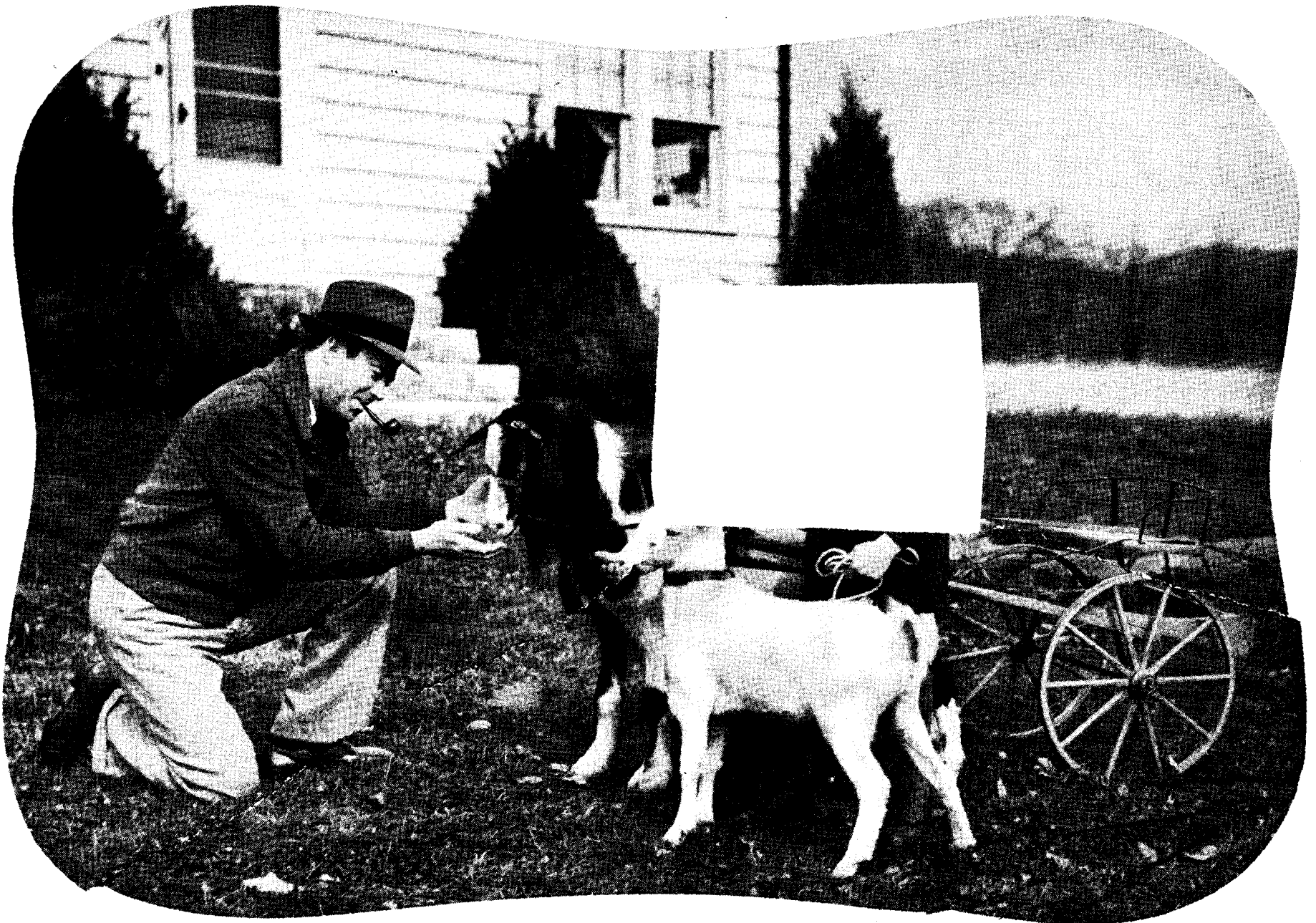
"He'll be proud to think you picked him after only one offshore trip, Sam."

"Huh!" says Sam. "I'll prob'ly be proud to be a hand aboard his vessel afore the year is out. He'd be perfect if only he wasn't hooked into marryin' so young. Here's your bus, and don't forget—me and Jerome for dory mates."



"Lousy service, eh?"

FRANK BEAVEN



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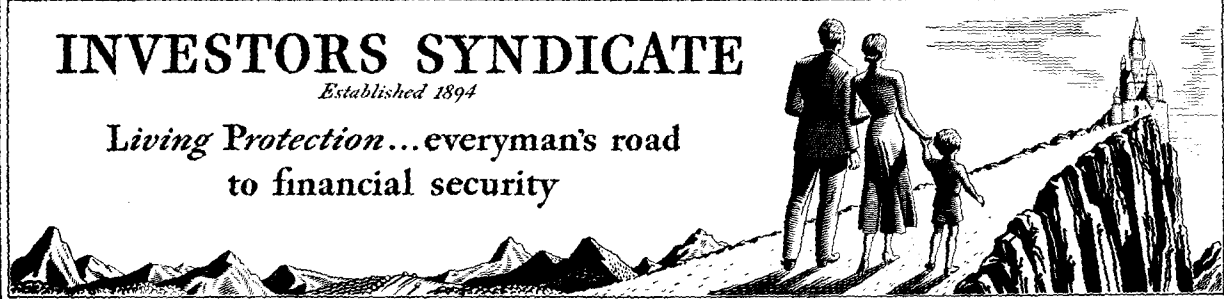
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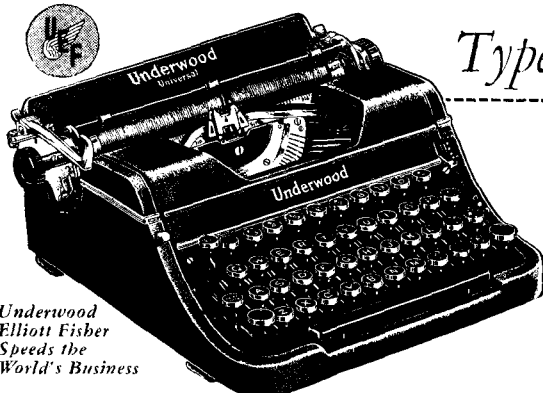
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Murder in the Tropics

Continued from page 15

Haitians had been stealing food and cattle from our farmers here. I found that our people would be happier if we got rid of the Haitians.' Then the president paused. He paused and he stamped his foot and raised his hand and he said slowly, emphatically, 'I will fix that. Yesterday three hundred Haitians were killed at Banica. This must continue.'"

I looked at the bishop and he read the disbelief in my eyes. His right hand crept slowly to the gold cross which hung at his breast and he clutched the cross.

"What I have just told you is the truth. I did not hear that speech but I know that he said those words. It is as though I were there hearing them. I cannot tell you my sources of information but I have checked and rechecked and what I tell you is the truth."

The bishop turned his eyes east to the border and now they were filled with pain. "This, too, I know. I know that at least three thousand Haitians were killed in the region of Dajabon during the past two months. This is not a guess. This I know. To me it is a record that I have verified."

"Do you believe," I asked, "that President Trujillo was directly or indirectly responsible for the massacre?"

He said calmly, "Nothing happens in the Dominican Republic without the consent of President Trujillo. I know that most of the killing was done by Dominican soldiers. I know that no soldier would do such a thing without specific orders. I am a friend of the Dominican people. I know them well. I know that this slaughter was not instigated by the people of the country."

He walked to a table and from a drawer removed a huge stack of papers. "Père Robert has talked to every refugee who came to his church at Ouana-minthe. He has taken the records of them all. He asked each these questions, 'How many of your family did you see killed? How many do you know for certain are dead?' Here is a partial list covering the two weeks. You see it known to names of more than 2,000. I remember Ouana-minthe has been killed—and never know the border. We will crossed the low many thousands cr — uninhabited, unpatrolled

border farther south to disappear into the hills. You may have this list. Your story will be denied and then you can say, 'Produce any of the people whose names are on this list alive and I will believe that I was wrong.' But they are all dead. They are all dead. God rest their souls."

Then suddenly he was no longer the calm, detached investigator. He was a man of God who has seen the law of God, "Thou Shalt Not Kill," violated. His hands trembled and his voice broke as he cried, "Go, see for yourself. Go into the hospitals and go to the border and go into the hills and hear for yourself. Listen to these simple people and see if you think them capable of lying, of inventing this monstrous horror."

So I did. I had a good man with me, Manuel Perry, a former marine captain who stayed on after the occupation to become as successful in civil life as he had been in military. Perry, Americans in Port-au-Prince told me, knows more about the border country and the hill people than any man alive. He speaks Creole as the natives do and they know him and respect him. Perry and I went into the hills and along the border and into the hospitals and into the jails. Meet a few of the people that we met.

Doctor Anthony Leveque is the administrator of the Justinian Hospital in Cap-Haitien. He brought us into a ward and pointed to rows of patients lying there darkly against the white pillows.

"These have been wounded by machetes and daggers," he said.

"Let me see the wounds, Doctor," I said.

It wasn't morbid curiosity that prompted this. A bandaged patient is not a fact. He is only presumptive evidence of a fact. A wound seen is a fact. The doctor walked to the first bed. He threw off the covers. A child lay there, his head half hidden by bandages. He looked at us with large, solemn eyes. He was about as big as a violin and the same color. The doctor reached for the plaster that held the bandage on the boy's head and pulled it away.

"If you still doubt," Dr. Leveque said gently, "you may put your fingers into the wound."



"I don't mind your entering prize contests—but do you have to win them all?"

WILLIAM SAKREN

The wound had been made by a machete. The boy's ear had been half severed and stitches criss-crossed it, holding the pitiful thing together. The wound extended to the chin. It is not easy to look at a machete wound. A machete is nothing but a butcher's cleaver with a slightly longer blade. It is used to cut banana stalks and sugar cane and underbrush. The blade isn't razor-sharp. It is dulled from hard usage. When the blade hits something such as the head of a child it not only cuts but because of its dullness and heaviness it also tears the skin on either side of the cut. It makes a jagged ugly cut about half an inch wide. This wound on the boy was only three days old. It was red and angry-looking and when you looked at it you had to clench your hands to keep from crying out and you wanted to hit somebody. A machete wound affects you like that. It isn't easy to look at a machete wound.

The doctor replaced the bandage and then I noticed that the boy's left hand was bandaged too. When the doctor removed the bandage I saw that it wasn't a left hand any more. A machete had severed two and a half fingers and the stumps were very red against the black of the boy's skin. The boy looked down at his mutilated hand and he shook his head a little as though he were puzzled. He was wondering perhaps why this had happened to him.

"He is about nine," the doctor said. "His name is Cameon Gideon. He also has a machete wound on his chest. His brother is in the next bed. Another brother was killed."

We went to the next bed. The doctor took off the white shirt that covered the man and he lay there blackly naked against the sheet.

"These are dagger wounds. There are seven of them. Here you see there are four. Now we will turn him over so you may see the other three."

Victims and Witnesses

The doctor turned him over. It isn't hard to look at a dagger wound. The point of a dagger is thin and sharp and it enters the body quickly and then comes out quickly, cleanly. There is no tearing of the skin. The skin, as though ashamed of its weakness, always closes over a dagger wound, hiding it, and then the skin blushes a dark purple. When it gets very purple the doctors shake their heads and start worrying about infection.

"This is the worst one," the doctor said, pointing to a very purple mark above the man's left kidney.

You can look at dagger wounds all day without becoming sick. I know because I did just that. But not machete wounds. I'd rather look at a hundred dagger wounds than one machete wound.

We went from patient to patient and read the histories of patients who had come and then had been discharged as cured. We went from hospital to hospital and talked to those who had felt the steel of machetes and knives in their bodies and always there was a puzzled look in the eyes of those to whom we talked. Why? What had they done to deserve this?

Now I read more than a thousand depositions taken from refugees and saw more than nine thousand such depositions, all taken by priests, doctors and army officers. But these weren't facts. I talked to more than three hundred refugees and heard their stories from their own lips—and to me these can be considered to be facts. Their stories presented direct evidence of what had happened at Banica, at Dajabon, at far-away Moka a hundred miles beyond the border, at fifty other places in Santo Domingo. Perry and I picked these refugees at random. They were not

picked for us by government officials. In many cases we grabbed refugees coming across the border and talked to them before they had registered with government officials.

Would you like to meet a few of them? Here's St. Ilma Joseph, for instance. He's about sixty-five and he has a drooping gray mustache. His face was calm but his hands worked constantly as he talked about the terror through which he had been.

Tales That Ring True

"A Dominican friend of mine came and told me that they were going to kill all Haitians. He said to run away." His voice was toneless, monotonous. "I tried to run but ahead of me I saw a group of soldiers with a lot of Haitians. I ran and hid in the bushes near a ravine just off the road. Soon they came close to the ravine and there were a lot of Haitians with them. They tied them like this. They had rope and they tied the right arm of one to the left arm of another. Then they marched the first pair about twenty feet away from the crowd and told them to squat down on their heels. They did and then a soldier brought down his machete on the neck of the first one. Then he brought it down on the neck of the second. They fell forward dead. I was very near."

"The second pair they killed with daggers. They slashed again and again until they were dead. The Haitians were all screaming. They were killed, pair by pair. I counted the pairs. There were forty-four pairs killed. That is eighty-eight people."

"Can we believe him?" I asked Perry. "We think you make this story up. We do not believe you," Perry snapped in Creole.

St. Ilma Joseph shrugged his shoulders. It was no concern of his whether we believed him.

"What I tell you is true. I am a very old man. I do not lie. What I have told you is true and I swear it by God and by St. Jacques." He stood there with a strange dignity.

"In twenty-two years I have never heard a Haitian lie who swore by St. Jacques," Perry said slowly. "There's no doubt he speaks the truth."

Cenalia Pierre is about twenty but her shoulders sagged and her head drooped. This was odd, too, because Haitian women from childhood are trained to carry heavy loads upon their heads. Now to walk along carrying something heavy on your head you must remain very erect and your head must be thrown back a little to keep the banana stalk or the pottery or the bundle of straw mats from falling. This eventually makes Haitian women walk very straight with their heads thrown back and it gives them a rather regal look. Cenalia Pierre didn't have a regal look at all. They had come upon her when she was with her husband and her child. They had killed her husband and then she pleaded with them to spare the child. The soldiers took the child and, holding him by the feet, swung him against a tree.

Cenalia Pierre told us this and then she went on, "The soldier said to me, 'Raise your left arm.' " She raised her left arm and then he plunged a dagger into her breast. He left her for dead but hours later she recovered consciousness and crawled toward the border.

Her left breast was very swollen and the purple around the wound was very angry-looking. She had been treated for the wound but now I think that infection had set in and we told her she should go back to the doctor. She shrugged her shoulders hopelessly. For what? What did it matter?

Would you like to meet Finelius Paul, a very old man who saw them kill his

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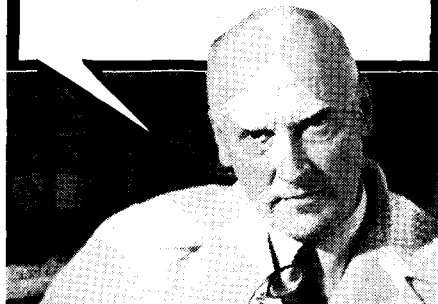
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son, his daughter and six grandchildren? Or Rosalie Pierre, who escaped after watching them kill her husband, her daughter and her three sons? Or eight-year-old Lolita Pean, who has three nasty marks on her head caused by blows from a heavy club. Or Robert Cadet, only survivor of a group of twenty-five. He has two dagger wounds in his chest and they thought he was dead. When he recovered consciousness he was covered with the bodies of the other twenty-four, in a ravine near Monte Cristi. Or Madame Telsaint Telfort, who ran away from the soldiers. They fired at her and she staggered across the river with a bullet in her arm. It was a bullet from a Krag rifle. The Dominican army uses Krag rifles. It is easy to look at a bullet wound after you have seen a machete wound. Anything is easy to look at after you have seen a machete wound.

Do you want to meet any more? Would you like to meet five hundred or five thousand more. I swear to you that you can if you will take the long trip through the hills to the north country. Are you asking yourself, "But where are the bodies of all these butchered people?" If you knew the country you would understand. It is wild, unsettled country with very few roads and, except where tobacco and sugar and bananas and plantains are cultivated, the undergrowth is heavy and the land is crisscrossed with ravines. There are thousands of these ravines and fifty thousand bodies could be hidden in them just fifty feet off the road and you would never know that the bodies were concealed there.

Revenge That Means War

Have we seen enough horror? Now let us consider the Haitian attitude toward this massacre. All over the country there are sharp mutterings of revenge. In the hills the native priests call their people together and according to their ancient religious rites they dance and chant and make *wangas* against the Dominicans. This is what tourists call voodoo and surround with mysterious, sinister implications. Voodoo is very little different from any of the religions which you and I practice. Instead of one God they have many gods. They not only pray to their gods for help but they also pray to them to destroy their enemies. That is *wanga*. Sometimes fanatics full of voodoo and *tafia*, which is native white rum, run amok.

So now they are praying for revenge and they are wondering why President Vincent does not tell them to take their machetes and go into Santo Domingo to revenge their slain brothers. The soldiers are wondering too. Haitian officers are all marine-trained. They are good soldiers. A man like Colonel Jules André, in command of the north country, would be a great officer in any army. "We are marine-trained," Colonel André says. "The marines taught us many things. First they taught us discipline and respect for authority. Our president is our leader and he is loved by us. No Haitian soldier will commit any overt act as long as President Vincent tells us to be calm."

I saw President Stenio Vincent and I asked him whether he contemplated any aggressive act of reprisal. Vincent has a scholarly face; in his youth he was a poet. Vincent is not the dictator type. He is a visionary and even his political opponents admit his absolute disinterested sincerity. His face was etched with lines of pain when I saw him and his eyes were sad.

"What can we do?" He made a hopeless gesture with his hands. "We are a peaceful people. Our army is just large enough to police the country. We have a population of three million and an

army of 2,500. That is more than enough for internal policing. We never have real trouble here in Haiti.

"Our neighbors have an army of at least 5,000 and they have planes and artillery. It would be madness for us to think of fighting. We never thought that we would be called upon to defend ourselves. We always thought that the Dominicans were our best friends. Not long ago," he said bitterly, "we signed a pact with them pledging eternal friendship."

"We have asked Cuba, the United States and Mexico to use their good offices to mediate the trouble. Meanwhile our people are being slaughtered. We will never know how many have been killed. I would say that at least eight thousand of our people have been killed. And for the present we can do nothing."

Americans living in Port-au-Prince are bitter at Trujillo and they are not backward about expressing their belief that he is responsible for the massacre.

"Go and see Trujillo," one of them said. "See if he has blood on his hands."

I did go and see President Rafael Leonidas Trujillo Molina, president of the Dominican Republic.

There was no blood on his hands that you could see. President Trujillo is handsome, copper-colored, with graying hair that is brushed straight back. He has fine gray eyes that ooze friendliness and when he smiles you want to start singing, "For he's a jolly good fellow..." He is an excellent host and the wine he served me at dinner was the best wine I ever tasted. His voice is pleasant and he has a fine sense of humor. He answers any question with apparent frankness.

"Haiti believes that the Dominican army is responsible for the killing in the north. Would you discuss your attitude on that?" I asked, finishing what was left of the champagne in my glass.

"Of course," he smiled, motioning to a servant to refill my glass. "The whole affair has been overemphasized. Some Haitians crossed the border, probably to steal cattle or goats. Some Dominican farmers fought with them. Many were killed on both sides. It is a regrettable incident and no one feels worse than I do about it. However, it is certainly no cause for international action. You see,

it is like this. A thief comes into my house and I deal with him according to my own law. There is no reason for anyone else butting in. Now in the northern province of Monte Cristi we have one judge ordinarily. I sent three others up there immediately to investigate and to prosecute the guilty ones. The proceedings are open to representatives of Haiti. They are not secret."

Smoothing It Over

"But Haiti believes that the Dominican army did the killing," I insisted again, finishing that second glass of wine and knowing with regret that I would get no more.

"The killing, as I understand it, was done with knives and machetes. My army," he smiled, "carries rifles and uses machine guns."

"Would you and the people of the Dominican Republic be satisfied if all of the Haitians now living here returned to Haiti?" I asked.

He hesitated for a moment and then nodded, "Yes," he said tonelessly, "we would be eminently satisfied."

"Then how would you harvest the sugar cane?"

He shrugged trim shoulders, "I have talked to the sugar-mill owners. They say that they can get along without Haitian help. We might import help from some of the other islands."

So we talked and talked and suavely, smoothly, he minimized the whole incident. I would have believed him—anyone would have—if I hadn't looked into the tortured eyes of mothers who had seen their families wiped out. I would have believed him if I hadn't seen a venerable bishop clutch his golden cross and say calmly, "Nothing in the Dominican Republic is done without the knowledge and consent of President Trujillo." I would have believed him if I hadn't reached out and touched eight-inch machete scars on the head of a nine-year-old boy. I might have believed him had I not listened to the stories told by hundreds of miserable people and read the stories told by thousands more. I might have believed him if I hadn't seen the stricken look in the eyes of President Stenio Vincent and heard him say helplessly, "What can we do? We are not a warlike people."

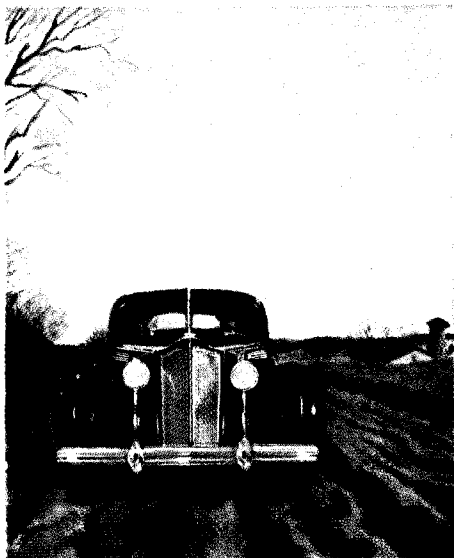


"Hey, Sarge, what's a 'bal masque'?"

JAY IRVING

ARE THESE "PUFFS" OR UNDER-STATEMENTS?

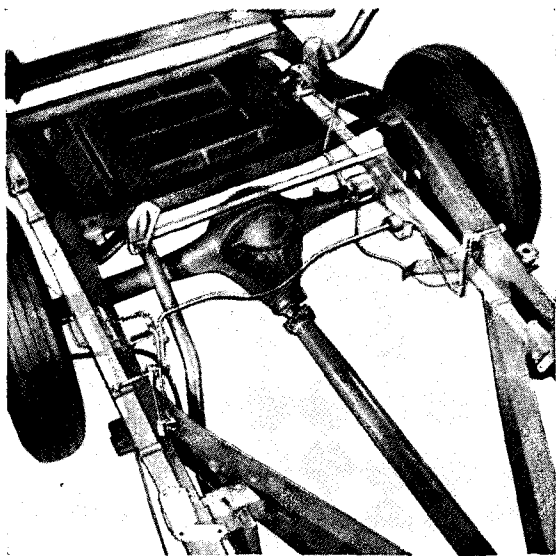
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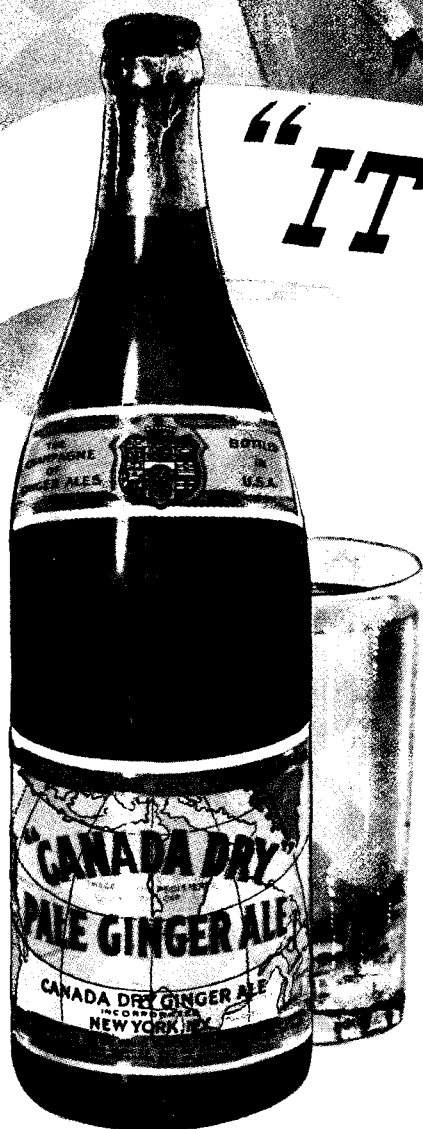
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CANADA DRY

"The Champagne of Ginger Ales"

A Queen's Ransom

By Jonathan Latimer

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

The Story Thus Far:

YOUNG Penn Essex, playing about on his Florida estate, receives a series of threatening letters wherein a mysterious person, using red ink, signing himself "The Eye," demands fifty thousand dollars. Essex hires a detective: William Crane. No sooner has Crane gone to work, with an assistant, Thomas O'Rourke, than Essex's sister, Camelia, is kidnaped!

Flitting in and out of Essex's house are a number of interesting persons: Major Eastcomb, Essex's confidential adviser, who has hopes of marrying Camelia; Tony Lamphier, another suitor; Eve Boucher and her husband, Gregory; Sybil Langley, an actress; Dawn Day, a night-club entertainer; and Imago Paraguay, once a spy in Cuba, now a professional dancer.

Snooping about Essex's house, Crane establishes two facts: (1) That Dawn Day has access, from her room, to Essex's suite; (2) That Essex is the owner of a bottle of red ink! With this lead, the detective begins to evolve a theory. . . . Among the suspects is Roland Tortoni (owner of a night club and gambling house, whose murder rather complicates the case) and Count di Gregario, a Cuban revolutionist with whom Camelia has become infatuated. . . .

Crane has a talk with Imago Paraguay. The girl tells him that she, too, is being threatened, and that if he will go to her room at two o'clock in the morning, she will give him some valuable information. Crane goes to her room. The girl is dead—it looks as though she has taken an overdose of a sleeping potion.

While Crane, O'Rourke and two aides—Doc Williams and Eddie Burns—are shadowing various suspects, Essex receives another letter. He finds it on his breakfast table. It reads, in part: "Directions: Wrap the fifty thousand in an oilskin. Put in box. Take box at 10 A. M. tomorrow to cement bridge 12.3 miles south of homestead on Key Largo road. Leave box on canal bank under exact center of bridge. Drive away. Camelia will die if you fail. No one must ride with you. No one must follow you. No one must be near the bridge. Remember Froggy. The Eye."

Informed of the arrival of the note, Captain Enright of the Miami police, County Attorney Osborn, and Mr. Wilson, representing the Department of Justice, motor out to Essex's house. They outline their plans: Using a radio-equipped airplane and a corps of observers on the ground, they hope to catch "The Eye."

Crane listens attentively. Then: "It sounds all right," he remarks. "The only thing is to keep them from spotting you." Osborn seems confident. "We can do it," he replies.

VIII

WHAT'LL you do when the guy goes to cover?" O'Rourke asked. Captain Enright said, "Pinch him as soon as Miss Essex is safe."

Wilson was looking at Crane. "Have you any suggestions?"

"I think it's risky for Camelia," Crane said.

"Mr. Essex is willing to trust us," Wilson said.

"Are you?" Crane asked.

"Yes, I think so." Essex's eyes went from Crane to Wilson. "Mr. Wilson has had more experience and . . ."

"It's this way," Wilson said. "If they were going to harm Miss Essex they would have done it long ago. The only safe victim of a kidnaping is a dead one."

Essex paled. "You must face the facts, Mr. Essex," Osborn said.

"If she is dead," Wilson went on, "we want to bring them to justice. The best chance is to follow the man who collects the ransom."

He and Osborn had evidently used this argument before. Osborn supplemented, "If they haven't killed her, they aren't intending to do so."

"So we aren't really risking her life," Wilson said.

Crane shrugged his shoulders. If Essex believed this, there was nothing he could do. "Who's Froggy?" he asked.

Essex said, "A teddy bear Camelia had. I spilled green paint on it and we named it Froggy. It was a secret name."

"Then she probably is alive," said O'Rourke.

"Sure," said Wilson.

Crane asked, "Anybody else know about Froggy?"

"Aunt Sybil—Miss Langley."

Crane said, "Ha!"

"Why do the directions say to wrap the money in oilskin?" O'Rourke asked.

"I imagine he's afraid the money will get wet under the bridge," Wilson said.

"Have you got a cardboard box?" Crane asked Essex.

"I've just the thing. One that had been filled with prunes."

"Fifty thousand is a lot of money," O'Rourke said.

"A king's ransom," Wilson said.

"A queen's ransom," Crane said.

Each time he lifted his glass, Captain Enright cocked his little finger. "It will fit in the box all right?"

Crane looked at Wilson. "You've taken the numbers of the bills?"

"Of course."

Osborn finished his drink, stood up. "It's time we were going."

Crane asked, "Would you mind if O'Rourke and I watched with you from the water tower?"

"You can if there's room."

Captain Enright moved uneasily. "We better get going if we want to get things arranged for tomorrow."

Wilson arose. "All right." His eyes were on Crane's face. "See you tomorrow."

"Fine," said Crane.

A nurse with a soap-and-water-bright face met him at the door to the room and said, "You must be careful. She's had a terrible shock."

"I know," he said.

Rustling, the nurse stepped aside. "Only for a minute," she said. She smelled of laundry soap.

Drawn curtains made the room dim. Like a corpse, face to the ceiling, great violet eyes open, Miss Langley lay in the double bed. "Who is it?" she whispered. Tiny wrinkles circled her neck.

"William Crane."

"Oh, yes."

"Could you help me?"

Her skin was so tight over her nose the yellow bone showed through. "How?" she asked. White powder was thick on her face, on her neck. "How?"

"I believe Imago was murdered."

One of the drawn curtains, sucked inward by a

current of air, made a rasping noise.

"You are right."

"How do you know?"

Her thin lips trembled. "I know." The violet eyes, followed by no motion of the head, turned upon his face.

"But how?"

The eyelids fluttered, closed, and when they opened again the violet eyes were staring at the ceiling. "How does one know anything?" On either side of her mouth the skin hung in pouches.

"Oh," he said.

"I see death everywhere," she whispered. "Death . . . everywhere."

"But who killed Imago?"

She stared at him, her eyes like a sleepwalker's. "I am afraid . . . afraid." Her voice grated on his ears. "I see death . . . Imago . . . Camelia . . ."

"Yes, Miss Langley, but do you remember Froggy?"

"Froggy? . . . Froggy? . . . No." Her body shook. "I see death. Who will be next?" Her voice was tremulous. "Who?"

The nurse touched his arm. "You are exciting her. Please go."

Crane went out of the room, carefully closing the door behind him. He took out a handkerchief and wiped his forehead.

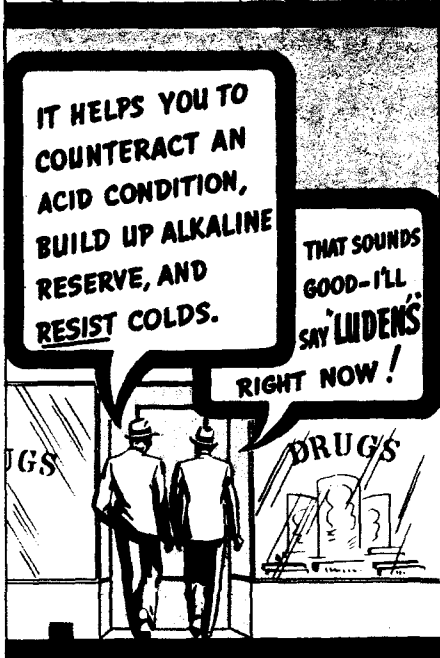
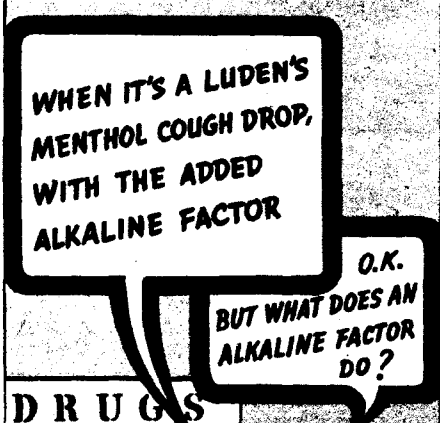
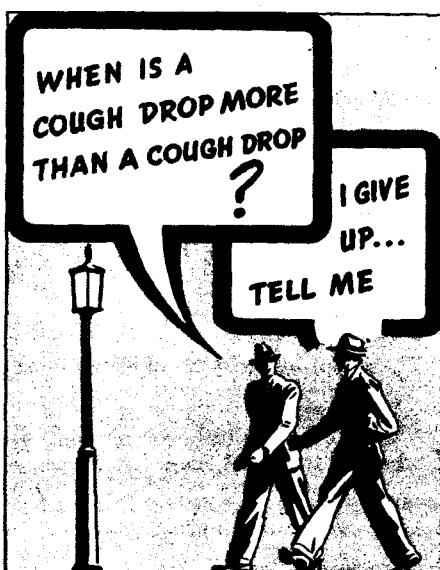
ESSEX came out to the swimming pool and collapsed in a chair. "If only Camelia . . ." His voice was weary.

"It should be over tomorrow," Crane said.

"How do you mean?" Essex looked



Miss Day asked, "What are you going to do with that thing?"



up interrogatively at Crane. "Have you . . . ?"

"No. I mean that you'll pay the money and Camelia will be freed."

"Oh."

Pablo came up to the table. "A telephone call for Mr. Crane or Mr. O'Rourke."

Crane said, "You get it, Tom."

For a moment after O'Rourke left they sat in silence. The air was soft and humid and perfumed; it was languorous. It made their eyelids heavy, their movements sluggish, their voices drowsy. It was all Crane could do to reach for his drink.

Finally, finding himself half asleep, he asked, "How did Imago Paraguay happen to be in this house, Mr. Essex?"

"A friend of mine, Charley Beauchamp, knew her in Paris," Essex poured himself a whisky. "He gave her a letter to me. That was in New York. When I found that she was going to be in Miami in March I invited her to stay out here."

"Did you know she was a close friend of Tortoni?"

"I didn't even know they knew each other."

Crane yawned. "Do you think Tortoni had her come here to watch you?"

"No. Why should he?"

"The debt."

"He'd given up all idea of trying to collect that."

"You're sure?"

"I'm positive. Look," Essex removed his wallet from his hip pocket, drew out three pieces of paper. "Tortoni gave me my I O U's over two weeks ago."

Crane examined the papers. One of the I O U's was for six thousand dollars. The others were for nine thousand each. They were all signed Penn Essex.

"Then you weren't lying when you told me you didn't have any large debts," he said.

"Of course not. Why would I lie to you? You're on my side."

"I did think it was queer," Crane gave him back the notes. "Why didn't you tell Major Eastcomb you had them?"

"I didn't think it was any of his business."

"I guess it wasn't."

LIGHTS had been turned on around the swimming pool and Crane saw coming toward them a man in blue overalls. The man was old; his face was brown and wrinkled; he had a drooping straw mustache; he walked with a shuffling gait. He was carrying a woman's bag made of dark blue beads.

He halted three yards from them and said tentatively, "Mister Essex?"

"What is it, Fritz?"

The man held out the bag. "This I find in the rose bushes." The movement made the beads glitter.

Essex got up and took the bag. "It looks like one of Imago's." He emptied the contents on the table. There was a red lacquer cigarette case, a metal lipstick, possibly platinum, and a red compact. On a fine lace handkerchief was a smear of lipstick. "Nothing to tell whose it is, though."

"Give it to me," Crane said. "I'll tell."

A heavy odor of sandalwood clung to the bag.

"It is Imago's," Crane said.

Essex turned toward the man. "Where did you find it, Fritz?"

"Here by the patio, Mister Essex."

Crane said, "Could you show us where?"

"Yah. I show you."

They were just starting to leave the table when O'Rourke came out of the house. "Where're you going?" he asked.

"Just over here," Crane waited for him. "Who was it?"

"Doc Williams. He said the police have picked up di Gregario."

"Ha!" Crane moved his head verti-

cally. "That's why the G-man wasn't interested in what I did today."

"Doc says he'll wait and see what they do with him."

"Good."

They went across the patio. The man pointed out a clump of rose bushes.

Crane looked up at the white wall of the house. "That's my room up there, isn't it, O'Rourke?"

"Yeah."

Essex asked, "Do you think someone threw it down?"

CRANE was examining the bushes. "It's a hell of a funny place to drop a purse," he said.

The man said to Essex, "It is good I find it. That Garcia, he give it to a girl."

"Thank you for bringing it in, Fritz," Essex said.

"That Garcia," said the man, leaving them.

"Yes. Tomorrow," said Essex.

Crane led the way up to his room. It was cooler than the patio and a current of air was coming in through the window. A pumpkin-colored moon, almost full, was rising above the cloud banks on the horizon. From it to the house, over water the color and texture of navy-blue silk, extended a tongue of pale gold.

O'Rourke went into the bathroom and washed. Crane took off his shoes and coat, unfastened his collar, lay down on his bed. O'Rourke came out of the bathroom. "Where're you going?" Crane asked.

"I thought I'd look up Miss Day."

Crane yawned, sighed comfortably, let his head sink into the pillow, closed his eyes. He wondered if Imago's purse had been planted under his window. It looked as though it was an effort to implicate him in her death. A sudden



Essex asked, "But why would anyone want Imago's bag?"

Crane started toward the house. "She must have had the nine thousand she won at Tortoni's in it."

"That's right," said Essex. "The police didn't find the money."

"They're not mentioning it if they did," Crane said.

"Do you think someone found her dead in her room, took the money and tossed the purse away?"

"It's possible."

THEY walked through the French windows into the living room. "Who's Garcia?" O'Rourke asked.

"The assistant gardener," Essex said.

Crane glanced at his watch. "I think I'll take a nap before dinner."

Essex said, "I wish I could sleep."

"Didn't you sleep last night?"

"I took some dope, but I felt worse when I woke up than I did before."

"It's a terrible strain."

"It wouldn't be so bad if we could do something."

"You'll be able to do something tomorrow," Crane said.

thought occurred to him. He slid off the bed, seized his coat; then sighed with relief. His nine thousand, at least, was safe. He took the money out of the coat and put it in his trousers. What he didn't understand was how anybody could have gotten into Imago's room to steal the money. But then he didn't understand how The Eye had left the two notes he and O'Rourke had received. Or how he had taken his wallet with the hundred-dollar bills in it. He got back on the bed and closed his eyes. It was a hell of a case.

9:40 A. M.

The car's engine, throttled down, went chug-chug . . . chug-chug-chug. Blue vapor, a fine drizzle of gasoline, came out of the exhaust. The carburetor had a rich adjustment.

Major Eastcomb opened the black valise. "Here." Green bills, secured with rubber bands, were slick in the sunlight. He helped Essex wrap the money in yellow oilskin, put the package in the brown cardboard box. "Fifty thousand dollars." There was a clean piece of adhesive tape on his nose.

Wilson, the government agent, pulled his coat sleeve from his wrist. "You've got twenty minutes." His sharp face was excited.

Essex put the box beside him on the front seat. "I'll drive slowly."

Even before ten the sun was hot. In the glare, pebbles on the drive looked as though they had been chalked. From the fountain the two flamingos watched them.

Miss Day, in flowered beach pajamas, was standing between Crane and O'Rourke. Her hair was the deep color of honey which has been a long time in the comb. She said, "Take care of yourself, Penny."

Essex's nervous foot pressed the throttle, made the engine purr. "I'll be all right." His face was pale; his lips mauve. He looked frightened.

Major Eastcomb took the valise into the house. An elbow on the tonneau, Wilson asked, "You'll come to the watch tower as soon as you've left the money?"

Essex nodded.

Crane touched O'Rourke's arm. "Take the roadster and pick him up after he leaves the money."

Miss Day asked in alarm: "You don't think they'd try to kidnap him, do you?"

"You never can tell," O'Rourke said.

"The Eye won't try anything before he leaves the money," Crane said. "The police would be alarmed if he didn't show up at the bridge." He smiled at Miss Day. "If anything does happen, it will happen after he leaves the bridge."

The major came out of the house and went up to the car. He patted Essex's shoulder. "Cheerio," he said.

Essex put the car in gear. Wilson took his elbow off the tonneau. He said, "Good luck." The car sneaked away, sunlight making a nimbus on the black engine hood.

"You'd think he was going on a transatlantic flight," said O'Rourke.

9:56 A. M.

From the observation balcony of the water tower, Florida looked like one of those infrared photographs taken from a balloon. The tower was much higher than Crane had realized and he was still out of breath from climbing many steel ladders. He hung onto the rail and tried to see the West Coast. A faint blue haze prevented this, but he was able to see far into the Everglades, to distinguish oases of palms and pine trees and pools of brown water. In one place a brush fire was going, smudging a section of the horizon with smoke.

Wilson looked at his watch. "Three more minutes," he said.

TOWARD the Atlantic, Crane could actually see the curve of the earth's surface. He could see freighters plodding along the edge of the Gulf Stream, the closer ones completely visible and those farther less and less visible until of one he could see only smoke and the tips of masts. Back of him was the smoke of Miami.

"Two more minutes," said Wilson.

With Wilson on the balcony were Osborn, the county attorney; a dark, fat man from the sheriff's office, and the radio operator. All were near the portable set the man was using; all watched the bridge through binoculars. Crane moved up to the set.

"Getting close to the deadline, Mark," the radio operator was saying into the mouthpiece.

Crane tried to see the airplane hovering over Miami, but he couldn't find it. There was a small bank of clouds toward Miami and he thought the plane was probably above them.

"One more minute," said Wilson.

"I see him," said Osborn.

Crane lifted his binoculars to his eyes. They were a fancy pair and it was necessary to adjust each eye separately.

He got the right eye immediately, but the left gave him a lot of trouble. When he finally did get it fixed, Essex had reached the bridge. Parked in the center of the road, the car looked like a beetle on a gauze bandage.

"Stand by, Mark," the radio operator said.

Essex climbed out of the car and walked to the canal bank. Crane could see the brown cardboard box under his right arm. He went down the bank sideways, using the edges of his shoes to check his descent, and disappeared under the bridge. He looked about the size of a toy soldier.

"Right on the dot," said Wilson.

ESSEX reappeared and scrambled up the bank on hands and knees. He walked briskly to the car, got in, started toward the water tower. Crane figured he would make the eight miles in about ten minutes.

"Are you standing by, Mark?" asked the radio operator. "Okay," he said.

Wilson said, "Everybody keep their eyes peeled."

All of them leaned over the rail, binoculars to eyes.

10:13 A. M.

O'Rourke at his heels, Essex stepped off the steel ladder to the balcony. "Anything happen?" he asked. He pulled a white handkerchief from his coat pocket, wiped his face.

"No sign as yet," said Wilson.

Crane lowered his binoculars. "Want to take a look?" he said to Essex. The binoculars hurt his eyes, anyway.

"Thanks."

Crane asked O'Rourke, "Anything funny on the way over here from the bridge?"

"Not a thing."

"You didn't see any mysterious cars or people?"

"Not a thing."

The radio operator asked, "Still standing by, Mark?" Apparently Mark was, because the radioman didn't say anything further.

"It's hot up here," said Crane.

10:30 A. M.

"Stand by, Mark," said the radio operator.

A vegetable truck was going down the road. It crept over the bridge and continued on south.

"Another truck, Mark," said the radio operator.

"He's certainly taking his time collecting the money," said O'Rourke.

County Attorney Osborn said, "He's probably waiting to make sure no police cars are hiding by the bridge."

"We can wait as long as he can," said Wilson.

11:30 A. M.

"I wish they had a bar up here," said Crane.

11:56 A. M.

Sweat made the sheriff's man's shirt cling to his chest. He lowered his binoculars. "D'you suppose he could have swum up the canal?" He rubbed his eyes with the back of his right hand. "I'm almost blind." Thick black hair showed through the damp shirt.

"We can see both sides of the canal," said Wilson.

The strong midday heat made them all perspire. Direct rays from the sun and reflected rays from the big silver water tank toasted their skin like flames in an open fire, dazzled their eyes, made the steel rail around the balcony too hot to touch. Inside their shoes, treading the steel floor, their feet burned.

"I'd like to swim up that canal," said O'Rourke.

Crane wistfully regarded the big tank;



"YOU KNOW, MISS TERWILLIGER, SOMETIMES YOU GET IN MY HAIR"

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REMOVES DANDRUFF—CHECKS FALLING HAIR
NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE



"Someone must have lived here once," Osborn said. "I see banana trees"

he supposed it was utterly full of water. The radio operator said, "Standing by, Mark? . . . Okay."

Now there were only clouds on the horizon and a haze over Miami. Overhead the sky was turquoise.

The sheriff's man raised his binoculars. "Give us some action."

Wilson said, "We just have to wait."

12:20 P. M.

"My God!" Essex said. "Why doesn't he come?"

"Take it easy, pal," said O'Rourke.

"I wonder if he's wise to our plan?" asked the sheriff's man. His face was beet-purple.

Wilson said, "We have to stick it out."

12:31 P. M.

The radio operator took off his ear-phones. "Mr. Osborn."

"Yes?"

"Mark says he'll have to come down for gas."

Osborn lowered his glasses. A lock of black hair hung over his high forehead. "What's the matter? Can't a plane stay up more than three hours?"

"Yes, Mr. Osborn. But Mark says he won't have enough gas to follow another plane or a car unless he refuels."

"Well, Wilson . . . ?"

"I suppose he'll have to land."

Crane said, "While he's down, sup-

pose we go by the bridge and see if everything's all right."

"And alarm the kidnapers?"

"He's either alarmed right now, or he's waiting until dark."

Osborn said, "We can't stand here all day."

"All right." The heat had paled Wilson's face. "Block, you stay here with the radio man." He started for the ladder.

The radioman said, "It's okay to go down, Mark."

Block was evidently the sheriff's man. He didn't like being left behind. He scowled at Wilson's back, but he didn't say anything. The others followed Wilson down the ladder.

THEY took the roadster rather than the police car. Essex sat in back between Osborn and Wilson. O'Rourke drove and Crane sat beside him. "This is the hottest place in the world next to Death Valley," said Crane.

Osborn said, "Miami has a very even summer temperature."

"Even unto Death Valley," said Crane.

"You're quite a wit, aren't you?" said Wilson. His voice was sharp.

"I think so," said Crane.

"I wish this were over with," said Essex.

They swung out onto the road leading

to the bridge. Crane thought Essex looked ill. Certainly the last two days had taken most of the vitality out of him. His eyes were dull; his skin unhealthy; his manner listless. He almost seemed, Crane thought, to have abandoned hope of having Camelia returned.

The bridge was ahead of them. "Which side?" asked O'Rourke.

"Cross it," said Wilson.

O'Rourke pulled the roadster to a smooth stop just past the bridge. Wilson opened his door and stepped out onto the pavement. "You can come with me, Crane."

The tide was barely coming in, but the water in the canal was blue and clear. A few pieces of seaweed, brown and covered with red berries the size of peas, floated near the edge of the bank. They went down the slope together, being careful to keep their weight on their heels. Near the bottom Wilson started to slip, but Crane steadied him.

"Thanks," Wilson said.

They inclined their bodies and peered under the bridge. It took them a moment to adjust their eyes to the gloom. The air was damp, cool. The tide made a gurgling noise.

"It's gone!" Wilson exclaimed.

"Box and all," said Crane.

Everybody agreed it certainly was a mystery. It was a very great mystery. Captain Enright, who had been hiding

five miles up the road with a squad of his Miami detectives, came the closest to summing it up when he said: "It doesn't hardly seem possible."

It didn't, but the money was gone.

Nearly fifty detectives, deputies and other law-enforcement officers stood around on the bridge while Osborn and Wilson questioned Essex. It was now one o'clock.

"But you saw everything I did," Essex said. "I put the box on that flat place under the bridge and came out."

"And you're sure it couldn't have slipped off onto the water?" asked Osborn.

"I'm certain. The only thing that could have moved it was wind and there wasn't any."

"And there was nobody waiting under there?"

"I should say not."

TWO of the detectives came up from under the bridge and reported to Captain Enright that there was no hiding place within the cement structure.

Crane and O'Rourke were examining the canal bank for the seventh time. The tide was almost completely full now, and the seaweed hardly moved at all. Two gars, small, green fish with bill-like mouths, were harassing a school of minnows.

"It looks like he did use a submarine," O'Rourke said.

"Maybe he's got a cloak that makes him invisible." Crane moved along the bank, farther from the bridge. "If there were any footprints these cops have tramped over them all."

"Elephants and cops are a lot alike."

O'Rourke bent over a small recess in the bank. "Hello! What's this?"

There was almost a bay where the bank had crumbled away. The tide coming into this bay sent the water into a slow spiral. On the back edge of the bay was a soggy piece of brown paper. O'Rourke picked it up.

"It looks like a piece of paper," said Crane.

"It's cardboard."

"So." Crane took it from O'Rourke. "There's printing on it."

On the damp piece of cardboard, about the size of a business envelope, was printed: "lifo."

"What does that mean?" asked O'Rourke.

Crane lifted his shoulders.

"Is it a clue?" asked O'Rourke.

"How do I know?" Crane pressed the water out of the cardboard, put it in his pocket. "I'm a stranger here."

They moved back toward the bridge. Osborn, staring at Essex, was saying:

"You're sure you didn't throw the box into the canal instead of putting it on the bank?"

ESSEX, very pale, said, "You don't suspect that I'd jeopardize my sister's life by not following instructions, do you?"

Captain Enright said, "You could've had some other instructions from the kidnaper. Secret ones. He could've told you to throw it in the water."

Crane said to O'Rourke: "Not so dumb."

"Don't you see?" Captain Enright turned to Wilson. "The tide's been going in. The box could've floated to somebody hiding in those bushes inland."

Everyone looked at the green clump of palms, palmetto, sugar cane and scrub pine a quarter of a mile inland. The canal disappeared in the center of this oasis on the gray-green tundra of the Everglades, its water cloaked by marsh grass and hanging trees.

"Let's take a look," said Wilson.

"But it's no use," said Essex. "I didn't throw the box in the water."

"Let's look anyway," said Wilson.

Crane touched O'Rourke's arm. "I got

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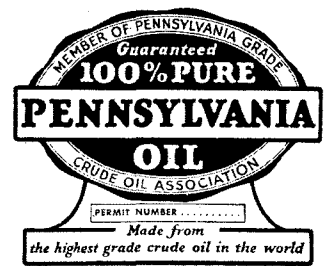
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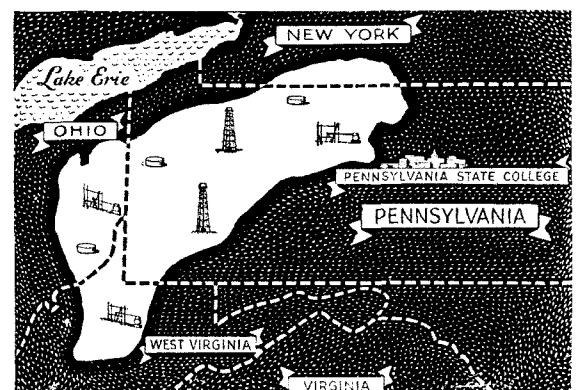
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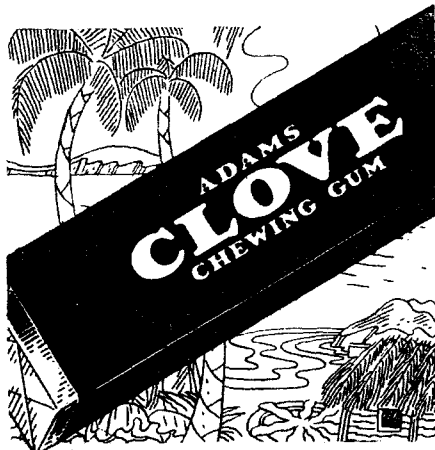
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A FLAVOR FROM THE ISLES OF SPICE

an idea. While I go with those guys you find out a couple of things for me. Find out if cyanide of potassium is used for anything in the Essex house. Find out what the gardener, Fritz, uses to trim the trees with."

"I know one answer now." O'Rourke's eyes followed the police moving along the bank toward the oasis. "They use cyanide to clean the silver." He glanced at Crane.

"Then anybody could have got hold of some?"

"Yeah." O'Rourke's face was alert. "You think Essex did float the box along the canal?"

"No."

"Then what do you think?"

"I've just got an idea."

"All right, wise guy. Keep it a secret."

OSBORN, Wilson, Essex and Captain Enright were a hundred yards inland. They were walking slowly along the canal bank, keeping their eyes on the water, on the edge of the bank. Even at that distance Essex's face was gray.

"I'd better go with them," said Crane. "You find the gardener."

He hurried and caught up with the group around Essex. On both sides of the canal policemen had strung out, were examining the brush. They were nearing the clump of trees. Beside the pine, the thick growth of sugar cane was luxuriant.

Essex pointed at the marsh. "A floating box wouldn't get past here," he said.

Captain Enright's voice was unfriendly. "How do we know?"

Osborn was a little behind them. "Someone must have lived here once," he said. "I see banana trees."

"I see a shack," said Wilson.

The banana trees were an emerald green and they leaned against the side of a frame shanty, their trunks arched. The heavy leaves looked like folded elephant ears. There was a cut through the trees and palmetto bushes to the shack. Sunlight through the branches made a zebra effect on the ground. The shanty's door stood open; the windows had been blown out; one side of the roof had collapsed.

"Deserted," said Wilson.

They went around the shack toward the canal. They could hear the policemen talking on the other side, the rustle of leaves. "Look," said Osborn.

He was pointing at a place twenty yards up the canal. There, on a rectangular sandy beach, just in the water, was a diver's suit. In the filtered light the suit's wet rubber was slick, the glass panel in the helmet diamond-bright. A hose led from the helmet to a self-contained air outfit, the straps of which, meant to be fastened over the diver's shoulders, trailed in the water.

"So that's how he got under the bridge," said Osborn.

Wilson's thin lips were compressed, his sharp face angry. "Clever," he said. "Right," said Crane.

CAPTAIN ENRIGHT turned to Essex. "I want to apologize for doubting your word, Mr. Essex." He laughed. "I guess I'm plain dumb."

"You aren't the only one," said Crane. Wilson gave him a sharp, oblique glance.

Captain Enright said, "No hard feelings, Mr. Essex?"

"That's all right." Essex was bending over the diving suit. "I don't care what happens as long as Camelia comes back." His voice sounded as though he were going to cry.

Crane and Wilson rode home with Essex. Osborn followed in his car, but Captain Enright stayed to supervise a widespread search of the area around the shack where they had found the diver's suit.



"If anything goes wrong with it I run the repair shop around the corner"

REAMER KELLER

Wilson was angry. "Who ever heard of a melodramatic stunt like that?" he demanded. "Using a diver's suit?"

"It's right out of a story book," Crane said. "It's too phony to be true."

Essex swung the car around an erosion in the asphalt. "But will he return Camelia?"

"We'll have to wait," said Wilson.

"I'm not going to wait," said Crane.

"What do you mean?" Wilson's eyes were sharp. "I thought you were the one who advised Major Eastcomb to wait."

"I'm tired of waiting."

"What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to grab The Eye."

"Don't be funny," said Wilson.

Essex said, "Do you really know who The Eye is?"

"I've got a good idea."

Essex turned the car into the gravel driveway. "I'd give anything to get hold of him." His lips, compressed, were like white cord.

Wilson asked, "Who do you think he is?"

"Don't be funny," said Crane.

Miss Day, O'Rourke and Major Eastcomb met them at the front door. O'Rourke was carrying a ten-foot pole on his shoulder. Crane asked him: "What are you; a spearbearer in Julius Caesar?"

The pole had a steel scissors on its end and from one blade dangled a small rope. When the rope was jerked the scissors closed, something like the operation of a lobster's claw. "You told me to get this from the gardener," O'Rourke said.

"Oh, yeah. The pruning pole."

Miss Day asked, "What are you going to do with that thing, Crane?"

Essex explained to her: "Crane thinks he has a line on The Eye."

"Ooo! Isn't he smart," said Miss Day.

Crane said, "I'll try to put a finger on the guy. Suppose we have everybody come into the living room."

"It's nicer on the patio," Miss Day said.

"Okay. The patio."

"More melodrama," said Wilson.

O'Rourke asked, "What do you want me to do with this pole?"

"Bring it along."

Miss Day said, "Isn't this exciting? I'll get everybody." Essex started to follow her, but Crane stopped him. "I think you better stick with us. We've had too many people bumped off already."

Osborn, the county attorney, and a detective joined them on the patio. Major Eastcomb asked Crane, "Is this some more of your bloody foolishness?"

MISS LANGLEY, her bulging eyes looking like balls of vanilla ice cream on which caramel sauce had been poured, arrived with her nurse. Tony Lamphier, wearing white slacks and a horizontally striped green and white jersey, appeared with the Bouchers. "What's up?" he asked.

"You'll see," said Crane.

"Do you want the servants?" asked Miss Day, thrusting her head out of a door.

"You might have one of them bring us a drink," Crane said. "I seem to be thirsty." He added, "Might as well have Craig and Brown join us."

Crane helped Pablo place a tray with cracked ice, glasses, limes, Bacardi and charged water on the table by the swimming pool. "Anybody have one?"

While he was mixing drinks for everyone except the nurse with Miss Langley and the detective, Miss Day appeared with Craig and Brown. Both men appeared apprehensive. Craig looked at Essex. "You wanted me, sir?"

"I did," said Crane. Ice tinkled in the glasses as he passed them.

"Well, get on with whatever you are going to do," said Wilson.

Crane took a long drink of his Bacardi rickey. "Good," he said.

Miss Langley gulped hers. "Some more, please," she said. "I feel a little faint."

"No," said the nurse.

"I got everybody here," Crane said, "because I want a lot of witnesses to what I'm going to do. I'm going to surprise you!"

(To be continued next week)

From Hen House to Hollywood

Continued from page 12

stopped when he got to Annabella.

"My husband and I both thought I should learn English and do the picture," she explains. And she made ready for London. But not as Annabella, nor Mlle. Anne Charpentier, nor Mme. Murat. She took another name, packed a carefully inconspicuous wardrobe into one small trunk, leaving a French star's clothes at home, and in London she looked for a proper English family that would take as a paying guest a French girl student who wanted to learn the language. She found one.

Annabella made her first film when she was sixteen and she looks a bit startled if you ask her when or how she got the idea of going into pictures. All right. You back off and try again. Perhaps she always wanted to be in pictures? "But certainly!" she says. So be it—she was born in Paris on Bastille Day, July 14, 1912, with a lively determination to be a film star.

By the time she was twelve, with the aid of two brothers and a cousin, she had cleaned out a deserted chicken house at one end of the garden, had put a sign reading STUDIO up over the door, and was writing, directing and acting in her own films. To be sure, there was no camera, but that was unimportant. The place was decorated with pictures of cinema favorites—all autographed. She wrote the autographs herself to save time and trouble, and she managed some very fine sentiments in the inscriptions. Her father, however, did have a camera.

"But not a movie camera," she says quickly, bound not to misrepresent things. "He was always taking pictures of us, and he carried them around in his pocket and showed them to everyone."

Career Without Obstacles

He showed his photographs to a writer who thought the young daughter had screen possibilities and who insisted, in turn, upon showing them to a cinema director. Monsieur Charpentier took pains to explain just what he thought might be his child's deficiencies as a screen prospect. The director, intrigued by so unique a parental attitude, became more and more interested. So the daughter took a screen test and having, as above stated, read Annabelle Lee, she took her first small part under the name of Annabella.

Then she stopped and went back to school for a while—but not for long. The dreams hatched in the chicken house were coming true and, being nothing if not decisive, she was bound to follow them up. She might have enjoyed a little family opposition—more dramatic—but she had to get along without it. Everybody—even the destiny that put her into René Clair's *Le Million*—seemed to be in perfect agreement, and this celebrated screen story shot her to stardom with no delay.

She was making a picture called *Paris-Méditerranée* when she first met Jean Murat, who was also in the cast. Once more she defies the usual picture-star tradition. She fails to report love at first sight. In fact, she was so centered on work that there was no time "for such things as to flirt." She thought "he was a nice man, a good companion and a fine actor." But, the film being finished, she left without a quail and went to Vienna to make another.

Then she realized that something was not right with her. It was not that she felt like a stranger, because she had been there before and knew people. She says she just felt incomplete, as though she'd

left something vital somewhere. Suddenly she realized it was Monsieur Murat. Six months later a beneficent film company cast them together in Mlle. Josette. "So," adds Annabella casually, "we were married. That was five years ago."

Sometimes they were in pictures together; more often they were in separate productions. In one year, she starred in five films: *Variété*, *Vielle d'Armée*, *La Bandera*, and *Anne-Marie*. Her husband was in the last one. Then came England for Annabella.

The Great Ghost Problem

Just before she started to work on the picture, she took a house at Bray, a nice little village on the Thames, near the studios at Denham, and Monsieur Murat came to visit his wife. "But we had no ghost," says Annabella in dismal despair, backed by a twinkle. "You know, every respectable house in England has a ghost. The English are very proud of their ghosts—like family pets." It was embarrassing for the Murats—no ghost. They waited hopefully for a haunt.

Then one night they got their wish. They had bought a Dalmatian dog that day. In the small dark hours after midnight, the lonely moanings and howlings that shivered through the house were all that could be desired. They awakened. "Our ghost!" they exclaimed joyously. So the wailing pup was given that name and the Murats, at last claiming a ghost, could hold up their heads in English society.

When Annabella was in the United States before, she had had one very cold day in New York on the way to Hollywood and one very hot day on the way back. On her recent visit, it was clear, bright and invigorating. Having got the usual fanfare out of the way, she started out to explore.

She had seen an American film called *Easy Living* and she couldn't rest till she had tried putting money in a slot and watched dinner pop out, so she dined the first night in an automat, by request. Within twenty-four hours after arrival, she had done Radio City, had managed a pretty complete tour of Central Park, had investigated Broadway, and had been to the top of the Empire State Building. She's thorough, that girl. By her third day, when faced by a photographer, she would suddenly sit on the floor or stand on one foot by a chair with the other knee resting on it. The lens lads commented happily on her informal poses and were quite unaware that this delightful unconventionality of posture was due to the usual sight-seer's blister on the heel.

She also saw the play which is to provide the basis of her first picture, at the moment called *The Baroness* and the Butler. Having made three in English—*Wings of the Morning*, *Under the Red Robe*, and a new one, *Dinner at the Ritz*—she finds no more terrors in the language question.

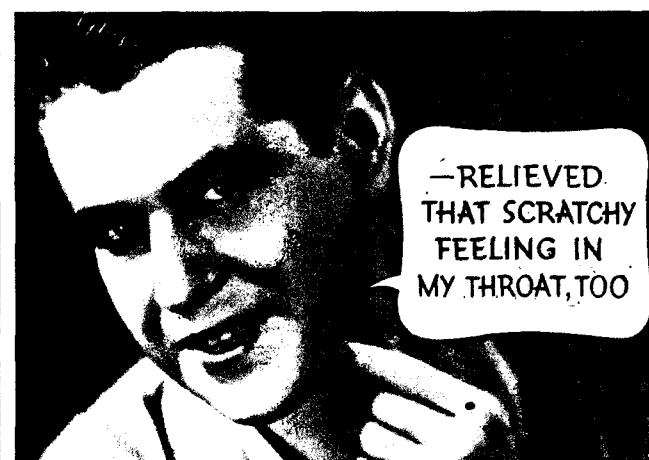
There is just one difficulty about Annabella. She is a lively young lady, she likes to laugh and have a good time, but she wants to do it in her own way. When she has had what seems to her a reasonable amount of being moved about according to plan in the usual ballyhoo for a star, she frequently decides to go off on her own and it is reliably reported that, when she makes up her mind, nothing has ever been found to keep Annabella from doing exactly as she pleases. She didn't get that firm chin merely to have its picture taken.

COLDS

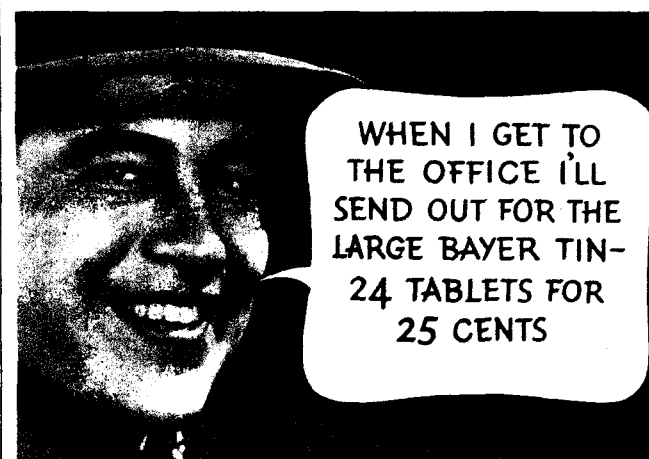
EASIER TO RELIEVE AT START Use Famous Remedy



Directions:
Take 2 Bayer Tablets with a full glass of water.



Crush 3 Bayer Tablets in 1/3 glass of water, gargle twice.



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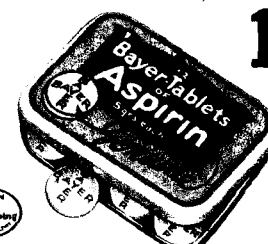
The moment you feel a cold coming on take 2 Bayer tablets. Repeat, if necessary, according to directions.

If you have a sore throat with your cold, crush and dissolve three BAYER tablets in one-third glass of water. Then gargle with this mixture twice.

The Bayer Aspirin you take internally will aid in reducing the fever and pains which usually accompany colds. The gargle will provide almost instant relief from rawness and pain, acting like a local

anesthetic on the irritated membrane of your throat.

Try this way. Your doctor, we believe, will endorse it. For it is a quick, effective means of relief. Ask for Bayer Aspirin by the full name at your druggist's — not for "aspirin" alone.



The Wages of Dixie

Continued from page 11

newly created chemical laboratories the marvelous possibilities of her development were revealed.

Today sixty-five per cent of the oil supply of the United States comes from that section. Hundreds of thousands of her people are employed in the operation of wells, pipe lines and refineries. Twenty-two per cent of the furniture manufactured in the whole country is produced in that section. Eighteen million spindles, producing seventy-five to eighty per cent of the country's cotton textiles, are found in the South. Invaluable beds of phosphate and sodium are there, and an ample supply of nitrates is now produced, either for war or industrial purposes. Many of the by-products of her agricultural products are now made valuable through their necessary use in a thousand finished products.

In one county in Mississippi within the last five years, 65,000 acres have been planted in tung-oil trees, producing a tung oil that will in time, it is hoped, free us from the necessity of buying from China.

The making of starch from the sweet potato is an assured fact, and while up to now only one factory has been established, it has operated with such success as to increase the price paid the sweet-potato grower and at the same time reduce the overhead cost of operation. Its possibilities are tremendous.

An Inevitable Awakening

In the olden days, rayon was unheard of. No one ever dreamed that in time artificial silk would be made from the by-products of wood or cotton. Not until recently did the American manufacturers of paper appreciate the advantages characteristic of Southern wood. They were dependent for their raw products upon Canada and the Scandinavian countries, because the supply in our own country was rapidly becoming exhausted. Plants located in the South are now giving employment to thousands, and transforming into rayon through the advancement of chemistry the waste material from forests and the by-products of agriculture. Masonite and celotex, products used in almost every American home and commercial place, are made from the refuse and wastes of Southern raw material.

All of these industries are giving employment to every class of labor by the thousands. Recent successful developments in the manufacture of wood pulp from the Southern loblolly or spruce pine promise to revolutionize the newsprint industry and free the publishers of this country from the stranglehold of foreign domination. The South is so rich in raw products, essential to the manufacture of the many and varied finished products necessary in the ordinary walks of life, that it was inevitable, under the progress of science, that that section should go forward in industrial development.

It is perfectly natural, in the circumstances so favorable to the industrial growth of the South, that those who are interested in her continued advancement and ultimate pre-eminence in the industrial world should feel fearful of any movement that proposes to place her future in the hands of any body of men, without knowing who they are, from whence they came, their characteristics, philosophy of government, or ten thousand other peculiarities.

No two persons are exactly alike. Environment, tradition, selfish interest, extreme views and prejudices are but a few of the qualities that are found in the

individual. Too often have we seen high-purposed policies adopted that, through administration, have been carried to extreme points never dreamed of by those who conceived them.

And so the South is fearful of any movement that might destroy, retard or affect an industrial position that has been attained only after long years of weary waiting and Herculean efforts.

The very conception of our government and the philosophy of our people have not been toward uniformity. God did not make the rivers, or the forests, or the mountains, or lands, or peoples uniform in height, color, length or character. If a certain industry is located at one place because of advantageous factors that cannot be acquired in another place, why find fault with those who made the decision? Are they not entitled, through the economic location and efficient operation of that plant, to larger profits and greater success than

were fixed for the innumerable industries in the various sections of the country. The government recognized that climatic conditions, the cost of living, as well as living conditions, were more favorable in the South than in other sections.

What Determines a Wage Scale

The winters in New England and the North are long and severe; rents are high; fuel is costly, and the individual living in those sections is required to spend a large part of his earnings for coal or other fuel to heat his home. Then, too, heavy clothes for warmth, which are necessarily more expensive, are essential for himself and his family.

The worker in the South needs fewer and less costly clothes. Less fuel is required, and fuel in the South is much cheaper. The summers are long, and the winters mild. Rents are at a minimum, and there is ample space for producing

say in too many instances, are paid too little; but for the most part, these workers are contented and very happy that they have work to do.

The small envelope that many of these workers receive weekly goes far, in many instances, to relieve the anxiety of the father and mother at home. These people, even though they would much desire to see the envelope swell with higher wages, know the possibility of the industry's being shut down if the requirements proclaimed from Washington are too burdensome and impossible to be met.

Throughout the South are found struggling industries. They are fighting, in many instances, every week to raise enough money for the pay roll. No doubt many of them are directed by individuals who would like to pay higher wages, but who know their own financial condition and the impossibility of doing so. Are not such institutions, in these delicate times when the government is caring for hundreds of thousands through relief appropriations, performing a humane and helpful function in giving employment to people at a wage higher than that paid to those upon the relief roll, but not so high as we would like to see labor receive?

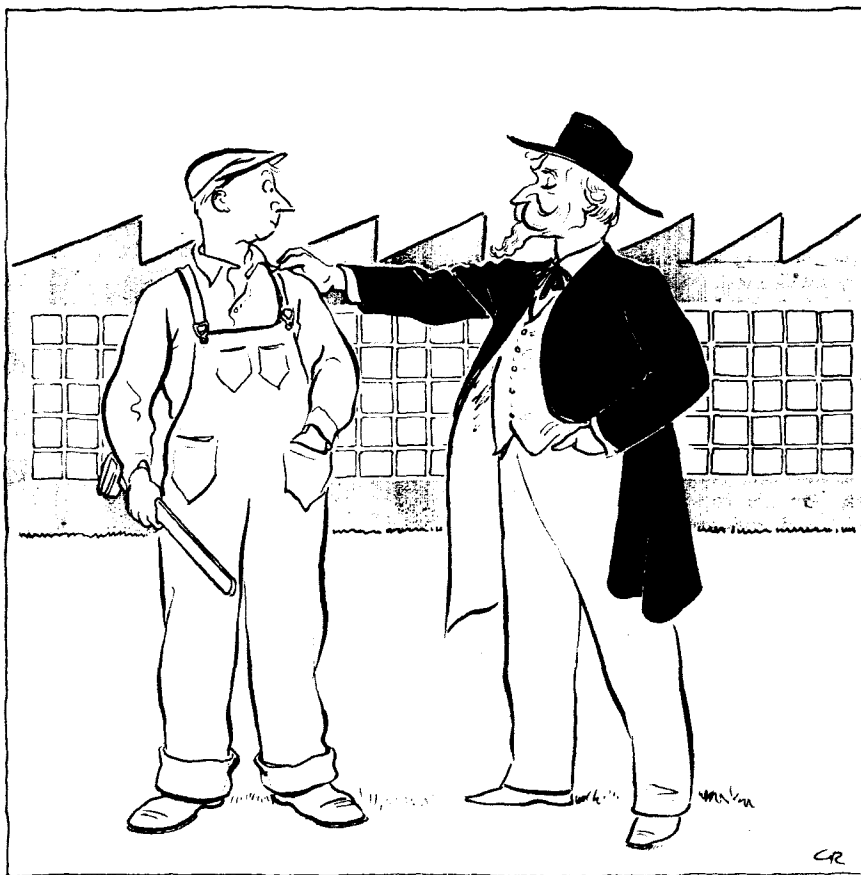
Where Workers Are Satisfied

Local labor in the South, where uncontaminated by outside influences, is, generally speaking, very well satisfied. For the most part, that labor is trying to co-operate with employers, in the hope that business will improve, operations will be enlarged and profits increased, and pay rolls gradually bettered. They are not appealing to Washington for a regulation of their wages. They are more interested in retaining their jobs.

And so the workers of the South, as a general rule, are not interested in this agitation, realizing that if industrial wages of the South are to be regulated by the federal government it may mean the closing down of many industries and the throwing out of employment of tens of thousands of men and women, thereby increasing the demands upon the federal government for relief appropriations. You can give a patient too much medicine. If the transition to regulatory wages in industry of the South must come, let it come gradually, and not with such a shock as to shatter industry there.

The issue of minimum wages has not entered into the political contests of that section. The South is not immune to the plague of demagoguery. Not unlike the office seekers in other sections, the South still produces a few ambitious characters who possess no conscientious scruples against rousing the prejudice of the laborer against the capitalist.

I can assure everyone that if there had been any foundation in the states of the South for the report that the South is inhuman, that its labor is maltreated, some unselfish individual would have been found willing to sacrifice himself on the altar of politics in the battle cry of wages. But no, the issue has not been a good one. The workers, for the most part, while realizing that there are some cases of exceptionally low wages, just as are found in every other locality, prefer to work out their wage problems and labor problems through their own co-operation, not influenced or dictated to by the Communist, radical or extreme agitator. They are not forgetful of what happened to the goose that laid the golden egg.



Amicability has been the rule between labor and capital in the South

one that is located uneconomically and perhaps is not as efficiently operated?

Other industries located in other sections have prospered; and while they were doing so the South, even though it was not sharing in that great development, was happy in the thought that prosperity had come to the people of those sections. And so the South cannot understand, in the circumstances today, just when its industrial star becomes brighter all the time, why she should be held up to rebuke.

Every agency created by the government to relieve unemployment has recognized, in the amount of wages paid by the government to the worker, a different wage in different localities in a state, and in different sections. That was true in the WPA, where the wage scale for common labor in Mississippi was \$21.16, and in New York City \$60.50. It was true in the Public Works Administration. It was true in every code voluntarily made by the industrialists of this country in 1933 and '34, when the wages

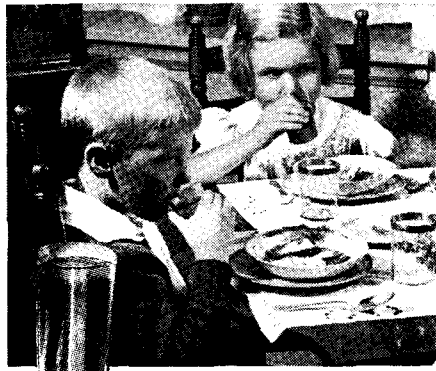
a garden, and for poultry, swine and milk cows.

As living costs are less, so wages are lower, and consequently a differential exists in the wage scale between the South and other sections. Wages and salaries are always influenced by the cost-of-living barometer.

How frequently in the deep South do we see along the country roads near small cities and towns a bus with the name of some industry printed on it, winding its way, picking up here and there from country homes young women and young men, carrying them to work, and in the afternoon returning them to their homes. No, they do not receive forty cents an hour. The factory may be a local institution, without reserves upon which to draw, or without unlimited credit upon which the institution may borrow. It may have been promoted, as many are, through civic pride, and to give employment to those of the community who were unable to obtain work otherwise. The workers in some, and I

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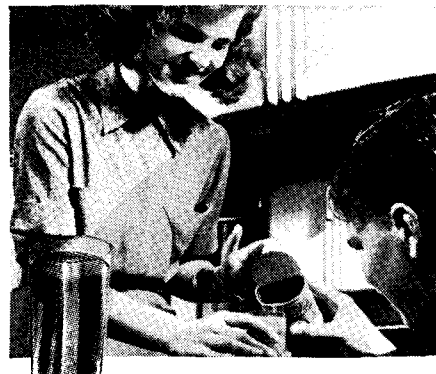
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DINNER TIME

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BETWEEN TIMES

For mid-afternoon let downs and late evening thirsts busy folk come to the kitchen for

Campbell's TOMATO JUICE

East of Broadway

Continued from page 17

three and more who were vociferously gay and others who were vaguely disappointed, there was a welter of swing from the orchestra rostrum on the far left, and out on the floor the scene was more or less completely dominated by the 50—Gorgeous Gals—50, wearing an irreducible minimum of raiment and undulating their slender, youthful torsos to the great delight of the cash patrons while they loudly sang a number with lyrics which expressed the hope that the patrons had enjoyed themselves and would return again and tell their friends.

Vernon Gregg, confident and insolent and exceedingly effective, then brought forth each and every member of the galaxy: singers, tap dancers, three female roller skaters, a lady contortionist, a comedy team and the tiny girl and two muscular men of an adagio act. And Linda Waring. Each was greeted by a clatter of clappers—thoughtfully supplied by the management—and a shrilling of tiny tin horns. The din was incessant and rather headachy; the room was clouded with blue smoke and the odor of food and liquor; the waiters were obsequious for the first time since seven o'clock because now—at 9:15—the tipping hour was at hand.

THE snare drum rolled and was climaxed by lusty wallops on cymbal and bass; the chorus gals, all fifty of them, and the great galaxy of stars all disappeared into the mysterious regions back of the floor; Vernon Gregg invited those present to give the orchestra leader a big hand and then to enjoy themselves by deporting to the leader's dance music . . . and the dinner show had ended.

The exodus started. Eddie Lawson moved forward against the outgoing human tide. He was proud of Linda. In this brief two weeks of the new Casino show she had gone miles and miles beyond his fondest hopes. Her provocative smile, her enticing, aloof demureness, had—as Variety expressed it—laid 'em under the tables. Briefly, finally and incontrovertibly—Linda was in.

Eddie forced his way to the far end of the room and thence into a dimly lighted corridor. He rapped on a door which bore the number 3, and Linda's voice said, "Come in." Eddie opened the door and Vernon Gregg looked up from the chair in which he was sprawled. He said, "Hello, Eddie."

Eddie was conscious of a brief sense of shock. He might have known, of course . . . and yet he had warned Gregg. He controlled himself and said, "'Lo Vern."

Linda came from behind the screen. She wore a pert, demure little early-fall outfit of burgundy, and she flashed Eddie a warm smile as she crossed to her dressing table and commenced to put things in order. Gregg spoke to her. "Well, how's about it, Linda?"

Linda said, "Well, I don't hardly know, Vern . . ." She looked at Eddie inquiringly. "You wanted to see me, didn't you, Eddie?"

"I sure did."

Gregg said, insolently: "I've been trying to entice Linda up to my apartment for a drink between shows."

Eddie's eyes were cold. He said, "Same old Vern, aren't you?"

"A trifle more so, even. No can do, Linda?"

"Not tonight, Vern. I sho' am sorry."

"Some other night?"

"Well . . ." Her eyes unveiled and she smiled, "Maybe."

Gregg rose and started for the door. He nodded briefly to Eddie, and closed the door behind him.

"Linda," Eddie said, "I've got something important to talk about. Sit down."

Linda seated herself and Eddie drew a chair up close beside her.

He didn't notice the light in her eyes or her quick, eager response. He only knew that she said, "Of co'se, Eddie."

"There's no stopping you now," he began. "You can travel under your own steam."

"That don't sound so awful enticin', Eddie."

"You've gotten your break, and you've clicked. So the time has come to make changes. You've got to graduate from Mother Hubbard's. You've got to move into a hotel apartment."

"But why, Eddie? I'm happy where I am."

"Front, my dear. Not much of it—but a little. You've got to look successful in New York."

"I don't care what I look like, and I don't want to live in a hotel apartment. I—I'd be scared."

He laughed. "I hae me doots. You've got to have a place to entertain friends. They'll be seeking you out—"

"But I don't want to be sought out. And what would I do all by myself in a big apartment hotel?"

"You'll relax. You'll make new friends. You'll start to live for the first time."

"I been mighty happy livin' so far, Eddie."

He took her hand. "You're a sweet kid, Linda. You are, really. But you've got places to go, and I'm steering you straight."

"Will—will I be seein' as much of you?"

"Of course not. You'll be seeing me all the time, because I'm handling you . . . but it won't be the same as living in the same boardinghouse." He commenced to enthuse. "You'll love it, Linda. A little two-room place with tiled bath and serving pantry, and maybe a view of the Park. . . . You've come far and fast. This is just the next step."

"Will you be sorry to see me leave Mother Hubbard's?"

"I'll say not. And why? Because this is what I've been working for." He laughed sharply. "I never could dent Broadway myself, you see, Linda. But I'm slapping it right in the eye with you. You're going to have *everything* some day—fame, love, everything—when you've made your name and the right guy comes along."

She turned away suddenly, and knew that she dared not speak. He looked at her, sensing a difference, and he said, "What's wrong, Linda?"

She tried to laugh. She said, "Don't mind me, Eddie. I'm just silly—that's all. It seems—well, it seems like no matter how much I've got—I can't help wanting something else even more."

EDDIE hung a sign on the door of Linda's new apartment:
PLEASE DON'T COMPLAIN ABOUT
THE NOISE. WE'RE HAVING A
GOOD TIME

Honey Reardon asked, "Why didn't you add 'Come in'?"

"No necessity. They'll do it anyway. This is a very democratic hotel."

Linda, bright-eyed and radiant, moved among her guests. She looked younger and slimmer and happier than ever. Tiny Martin said, "Reminds me of Karnak. It's so doggone different."

It was a two-room-and-kitchenette affair on the eighteenth floor, and there was a splendid—if angled—view of Central Park. At one end of the living room a cold buffet had been set up, and a

Any Season!

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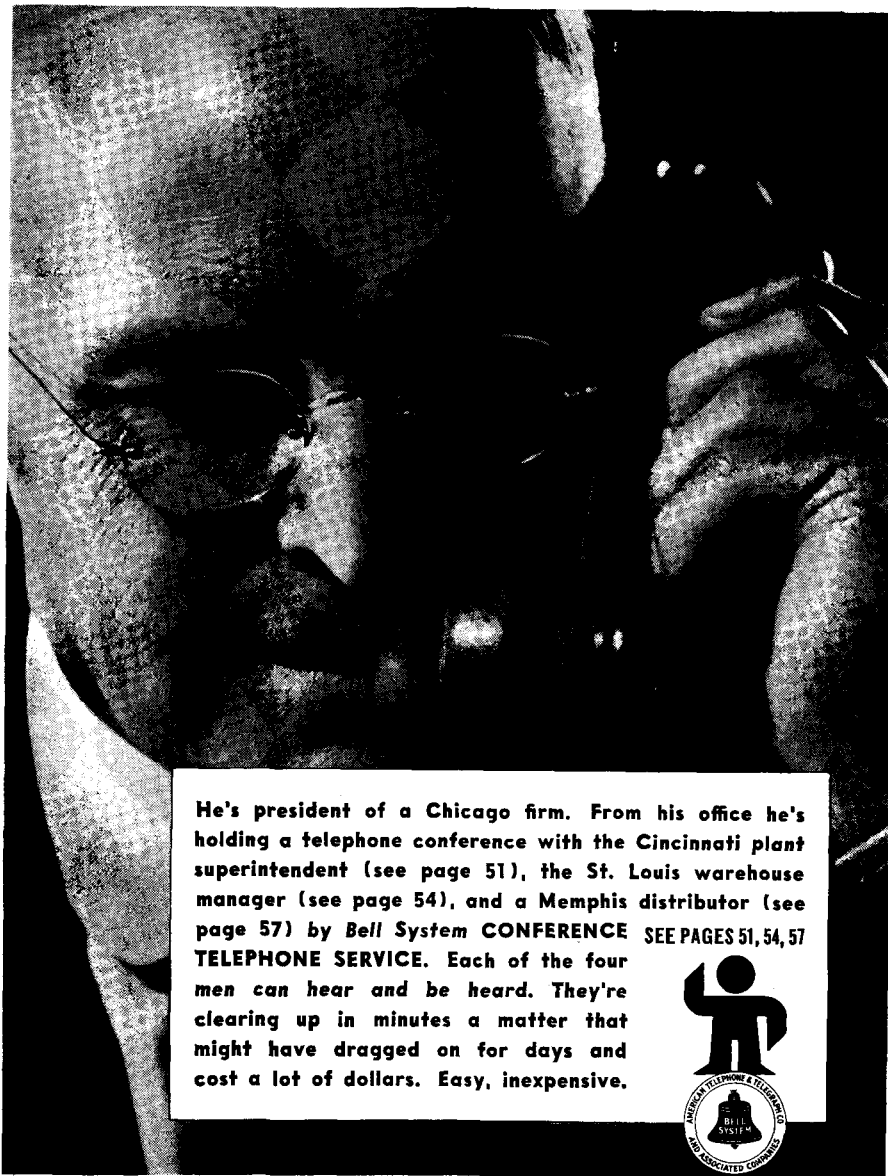


Remember there really is a big difference in tomato juice. Campbell's is the one with the true fresh-tomato flavor . . . YOU CAN TASTE THE DIFFERENCE!



Campbell's
TOMATO JUICE

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He's president of a Chicago firm. From his office he's holding a telephone conference with the Cincinnati plant superintendent (see page 51), the St. Louis warehouse manager (see page 54), and a Memphis distributor (see page 57) by Bell System CONFERENCE TELEPHONE SERVICE. Each of the four men can hear and be heard. They're clearing up in minutes a matter that might have dragged on for days and cost a lot of dollars. Easy, inexpensive.



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The Morning After Taking Carter's Little Liver Pills
Illustration of a man and a woman in 1930s attire, with the man holding a bottle of Carter's Little Liver Pills.

table radio was bringing to them the dance music of one of the more restrained orchestras. Drinks and setups had been arranged on a tea wagon. The too few chairs were occupied by the feminine guests: by rotund and beaming Mother Hubbard, by a faded songstress who lived at that respectably shabby boardinghouse, by two dancers from the Casino de Broadway, and by an angular lady whom Honey Reardon had convoyed.

The gentlemen guests—including Andrew North—sat on the floor, and leaned against the walls. The hour was ten, and the party was due to last until 11:30.

It was a gay affair, Linda's housewarming, and she loved being hostess to this queerly assorted group which was so typically Broadway.

Apparently the guests were having a fine time.

LINDA walked with Eddie to the window, and they stood looking down at the Park. It lay before them like a gigantic jade brooch studded with diamonds. Eddie asked, "Was I right—or was I right? Everybody thinks you're a winner. And what a party!"

"It's wonderful," answered Linda. "But when everybody leaves, I'm awful scared I'll rattle around."

"Not you. That's the queer thing about you—you seem to adjust easily." He took her hand, unconscious of the fact that he was doing so and equally oblivious to the fact that he was warm and eager. "You've come a long way, Linda."

"I think of that sometimes . . . and I get all kind of choked up inside. It's odd: I don't write much about it to Karnak, because I know they wouldn't believe me. I wouldn't—"

"What do you write them?" She looked straight out of the window. She said, "Oh—things."

"What sort of things?" "You really want to know, Eddie?" "Of course."

"Well, it's all silly . . . but I tell them . . ." she hesitated, then plunged ahead. "I tell them about how happy I am as a bride . . . you know, foolish, impossible things . . . about taking care of you . . ."

He looked down at her and said, "You're a funny kid, Linda . . ."

Across the room Honey Reardon said to Tiny, "Lamp the tableau."

Tiny nodded gravely. "She's nuts about him."

"And Eddie—is he really dumb or just playing that way?"

"Solid granite. Right now she means no more to him than the cold chisel a yegg uses."

"Lovely examples you give, Tiny. So romantic."

"I mean it. It's Eddie's first real dent on Broadway."

"And Vern Gregg gets the credit."

"Yeh—but Eddie knows. And so do the insiders."

She asked, "What do you think—really, Tiny?"

"About them?" "Uh-huh."

"I think . . . just between two nice folks like us, Honey . . . I think that some day Eddie's gonna wake up to discover that he's off the deep end."

"And Linda?" "She's there now. Honest, if a gal ever courted me like she's courting him . . ."

"I do, Tiny."

"Yeh—with a hatchet in one hand and vitriol on your tongue."

"You talk so literary."

"And feel so refined. If I wasn't so weary, I'd make you an improper proposal. I'd suggest getting married or something."

"What do you mean 'Or something?'"

"Well, I've been wondering if it's true

that two can starve cheaper than one."

"Ask some smart guy that question. Somebody like Andrew North."

"That palooka makes my blood run cold."

"I knew something was affecting you. But you're right. Give that lad a drink of water in a square glass and you'd have an ice cube."

Honey became momentarily serious, "What's he got up his sleeve, Tiny?"

"Ask someone else."

"He doesn't just like Eddie and Linda. And Danny insists that he's poison."

"Well, you tell me. I can't figure it out—and yet North still makes me uncomfortable. I wish I could look behind those slate-colored eyes of his."

The door opened.

Vernon Gregg deposited cane, coat and hat on the floor. He took Linda's hand between his and kissed her full on the lips. "Smacko," breathed Honey.

"Just like that."

"The guy has ideas," murmured Tiny. "and he thinks he's already halfway to first base."

Eddie performed his duties as assistant host. He mixed a drink for Gregg, presented him with a platter of delicate sandwiches and made an effort to be cordial. Yet somehow, he didn't relish Gregg's air of possessiveness as he hovered over Linda. Of course, Eddie told himself, it really meant nothing to him. Not a doggone thing . . . except that he didn't want to see Linda get off on the wrong foot. And she was being nice to Gregg; nicer, thought Eddie, than even a hostess was required to be, and Vern was eating it up. "He's the only guy in the world," Eddie told himself, "who can strut sitting down."

The buzzer sounded again and Eddie answered. At the door was a tall man, pleasant-looking—with thin, patrician features. He was garbed in dinner clothes and he smiled with his eyes as he asked, "Is this Miss Waring's apartment?"

"It sure is. Come in."

Eddie liked the newcomer. Unmistakably a gentleman—unmistakably and unobtrusively. Linda swept across the room eagerly, "Eddie," she said, "this is Mr. van Dorn."

"Sooooo . . ." Eddie grinned a welcome. "I been hearing about you."

"Linda been telling stories out of school?"

"If you want my opinion—she's been boasting. How's for a drink? Scotch or Scotch?"

"Scotch, thanks."

EDDIE nodded to himself as he went to mix a drink for Jay van Dorn. Now there was the kind of a lad he wanted Linda to meet. Eddie knew all about van Dorn. Lots of folks did. Thirty years of age, single, a gentleman, social register by birth and breeding . . . and a night-club complex. He was, Eddie knew, different from most idle sons of the rich in that he wasn't a chaser. Glittering gals who thought in terms of Park Avenue apartments, sleek limousines and blue-white diamonds didn't seem to interest him. He was just one of those harmless persons who enjoyed being on the inside of show business.

Eddie had been hearing a good deal about van Dorn during the past week. He'd been dropping into the Casino de Broadway frequently. Liked Linda—obviously, and his reputation was all in his favor. "Now with a man like that—" said Eddie to himself, and wondered vaguely why the idea did not generate a heavier enthusiasm.

Trouble with Linda was, she seemed to like everybody. Look at her now, standing by the window with Vernon Gregg. They were talking in whispers, and Eddie was glad that he couldn't overhear.

So was Linda. She felt Gregg's shoul-

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der pressing against hers, insinuatingly... and she would have moved away except that she had other things in mind. She said, "I hope everybody's having a good time."

"I am." Gregg had the quality of making the most casual comment sound peculiarly intimate and personal and just a trifle indecent. "I enjoy being anywhere that you are."

"Have you thought about what we were discussing, Vern?"

"About the boy friend? Yeh—I've thought about it."

"Well—what have you thought?"

"The crowd that owns the Casino is opening a new place. I can get Eddie in there as m. c.—if I want to."

"Oh, Vern... please..."

"It'd be a break for him. The spot'll click—sure. It'd pay a hundred and fifty a week."

Linda was excited. She was thinking, "That's what Eddie needs—to get somewhere. He needs to feel important and successful. Maybe if he *did* succeed, he might... he might... why shouldn't I think such thoughts? I'm married to him!" Aloud, she said, "Won't you get him the job, Vern—pretty please?"

Gregg said, "I might—if there's anything in it for me."

"I—I don't know what you mean."

"You're not so awful dumb, Linda... Listen: If I land Eddie this job, will it make you like me better?"

"Sho'ly, Vern... sho'ly it will."

"You mean that?"

Linda played up to him outrageously. She raised her demure eyes to Vernon Gregg and swept him with the provocative, exciting glance with which she had captured all New York. She said, "If you'll only do that, Vern—I'll think you're the nicest, sweetest, most generous man in the whole world."

And Gregg answered. "Done with you, Linda. That's enough promise—for right now."

ANDREW NORTH was, by nature, principle and practice, a patient man. But in recent weeks, his patience had been strained. He was becoming exceedingly tired of wearing sheep's clothing.

First of all, he didn't seem to be getting anywhere. He was hungry for the two hundred and fifty thousand dollars which was rightfully the property of one Oscar Blunt—now known to the show world as Eddie Lawson, rising young master of ceremonies.

Things had gone well at the outset. Somewhere on the shores of Long Island the body of a little stranger had been discovered, a bullet hole ranging from the back through the heart. The mortal remains of Mr. Morton L. Bemis had been unceremoniously carted to the morgue where they lay informally awaiting the identification which never came. The item had been of inconsiderable news value, and had rated only a few lines in the great metropolitan dailies, and it was not until some time after Mr. Bemis had been laid away that the papers in Mill City, Ohio, mentioned that one of their local attorneys had not been heard from in some time. Last heard, he was in New York on business. No one in Mill City knew of the body which had been found on the shores of the Sound, and if they had, they wouldn't have connected it with Morton L. Bemis. It would have been inconceivable that so unobtrusive and mouselike a person could have departed this world in so spectacular a manner.

So on that score, Andrew North was without apprehension. He was not at all concerned about the felony which had been committed, but was definitely worried about the one which was yet to be accomplished. The simplicity of the situation annoyed him. It made things more difficult.

Things had worked according to plan.

North had won—and retained—the gratitude and friendship of Eddie and of Eddie's little protégé. He had shoved Eddie one step up the show-world ladder, by spotting him in the Big Apple. And now that Eddie had served two weeks—with considerable success—in the new classy, jazzy Broadway night spot which offered itself to patrons under the title of the Hotbox, North was pleased to discover that he had more firmly cemented the young man's attachment by receiving credit for the promotion.

NATURALLY, Andrew North was not at all at sea about what really had happened. He knew that Vernon Gregg was interested in Linda Waring and that his intentions were unblushingly dishonorable; he knew that Gregg had obtained the Hotbox engagement for Eddie—and that Eddie didn't know he had been the recipient of Gregg's royal favor... with the result that Gregg and Linda now had their own little secret, and Linda was under definite obligation to Vern. North also knew that Gregg was too colossally an egoist to suspect that Linda was deeply in love with Eddie Lawson. All that interested Andrew North was the belief that somewhere in that setup lurked the opportunity for which he had been waiting with vast patience.

"Wait for the breaks!" That was North's shibboleth. But there was a corollary, too: "When the breaks don't come your way—make 'em yourself." And that, reflected Andrew North, was what he would most probably be compelled to do.

Being persona grata at most Broadway night spots, Mr. North made his unchallenged way upstairs to the Hotbox where an extra special morning rehearsal was in progress. The scene presented to him had nothing of the glamorous splendor of the same spot at midnight. The girls were in rehearsal shorts and blouses, and they looked weary from late hours and unpretty from loss of sleep and absence of make-up. An irritated dance director yowled at them, and Eddie Lawson, in shirtsleeves and suspenders, did what he could to extract a tiny bit of order from a great deal of chaos.

The dance director had steamed himself into a fine frenzy. His comments to the weary girls were highly uncomplimentary and more than a trifle personal. They didn't even quiver under the verbal barrage.

Eddie joined North. North smiled and said, "Looks like I drifted up at the wrong time. I thought maybe you could slip out for a sandwich and a glass of beer."

Eddie motioned to the bedlam on the floor. "Dope it out for yourself. I'm probably hooked for the afternoon. They're changing the Jewels of India number and routing a new one—Tropic Babies."

"Where's Linda?"

"Got a date with Jay van Dorn."

North was interested. "Veddy, veddy social, ain't he?"

"Uh-huh. But a damn' swell guy, just the same."

"Linda likes him?"

"And why not? She's no dope."

"You jealous?"

Eddie laughed. "Of Linda? Gosh—no. With me and her, it's business. And if she tumbles for a good lad like van Dorn, I say—the best of luck."

"Lucky you feel that way, Eddie."

"Meaning what?"

"Well, Broadway and social register don't usually mix so well."

"Nerts! You don't know Linda."

"Do you?"

"Sure. Of course... say, what the hell are you driving at, anyway?"

"Nothing." North shrugged. "But

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HOLD the new BINOC Fever Thermometer in your hand and SEE THE DIFFERENCE. Your eyes find the mercury column almost instantly. People are saying, "I never saw a Fever Thermometer as easy to read as this one."

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FOR USE IN ALL STATES WHERE SPECIAL
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REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
FEVER THERMOMETERS

I've been wondering. Van Dorn's a good enough guy—granted; but he's putting himself out plenty for Linda. He got her a break at the Skytop Room, didn't he?"

"Sure he did. He's got drag, and he figures she belongs in a class spot."

"When's her opening?"

"Monday night." Eddie waxed enthusiastic. "Has she skyrocketed! And am I a picker! From Dixie's dearest dump to New York's swankiest spot in less than five months. From now on, there's no stopping her."

"She's got the stuff, all right." North rose. "I'll be moseying along. You're sure Linda's with van Dorn?"

"And how." Eddie grinned. "Polo, no less . . . with maybe a spot of tea afterward. I'll bet she has a grand time."

AND Linda was having a grand time. Snuggled beside Jay van Dorn in his low-slung sports roadster, they bowled slowly along the broad highways of Long Island. The cool October air nipped her cheeks, and put new sparkle into her eyes. She looked incredibly tiny there beside him. She unveiled her eyes and looked up at van Dorn.

He smiled down at her. "Don't do that," he commanded.

"Don't do what?"

"Look at me that way."

"But why . . ."

"I won't be responsible if you do."

"I'm not scared a bit."

"But that's why you're successful—because you are always frightened." He swung off the main road. "Ever seen polo?"

"Only in the movies."

"You'll like it."

She did like it. The game itself fascinated her, since she was an expert horsewoman. But more than that, she revealed in the background of sleek turf and sleek people. Everything seemed

so right and so quiet. She watched breathlessly and made little comments which delighted him. He said once, "You're fun to take out. You enjoy things so."

"I sho' do. And this . . . oh, Jay! it's beautiful."

The polo match over, they went into the clubhouse where she had tea and van Dorn took a cocktail. He introduced her to a select few of his friends and told them that she was opening the following Monday at the Skytop Room. They were not at all as Linda had expected a Long Island polo crowd to be. And they all said that they were coming to hear her—often—and they told Jay he was a lucky dog, and one of the players wanted to know why he couldn't get a break, too, and Linda and Jay refused three invitations to cocktail parties for later that evening, and one charming young couple said they were throwing a little dinner party somewhere and would they come along?

En route back to Manhattan, Linda was silent. Silent, happy and relaxed. She hadn't entirely adjusted herself to the friendliness of New York. Facts controverted everything she had been taught. She hadn't found it cold and hard. Then she heard Jay asking, "Are your thoughts for sale?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"You'd say they were silly."

Another smooth mile rolled under their wheels. Jay asked abruptly, almost tensely, "Am I seeing too much of you, Linda? Honest Injun."

"Goodness—no. Why, Jay—that's a silly question."

"You know that I like you?"

"Why, of course I know it, Jay."

The brief tension relaxed.

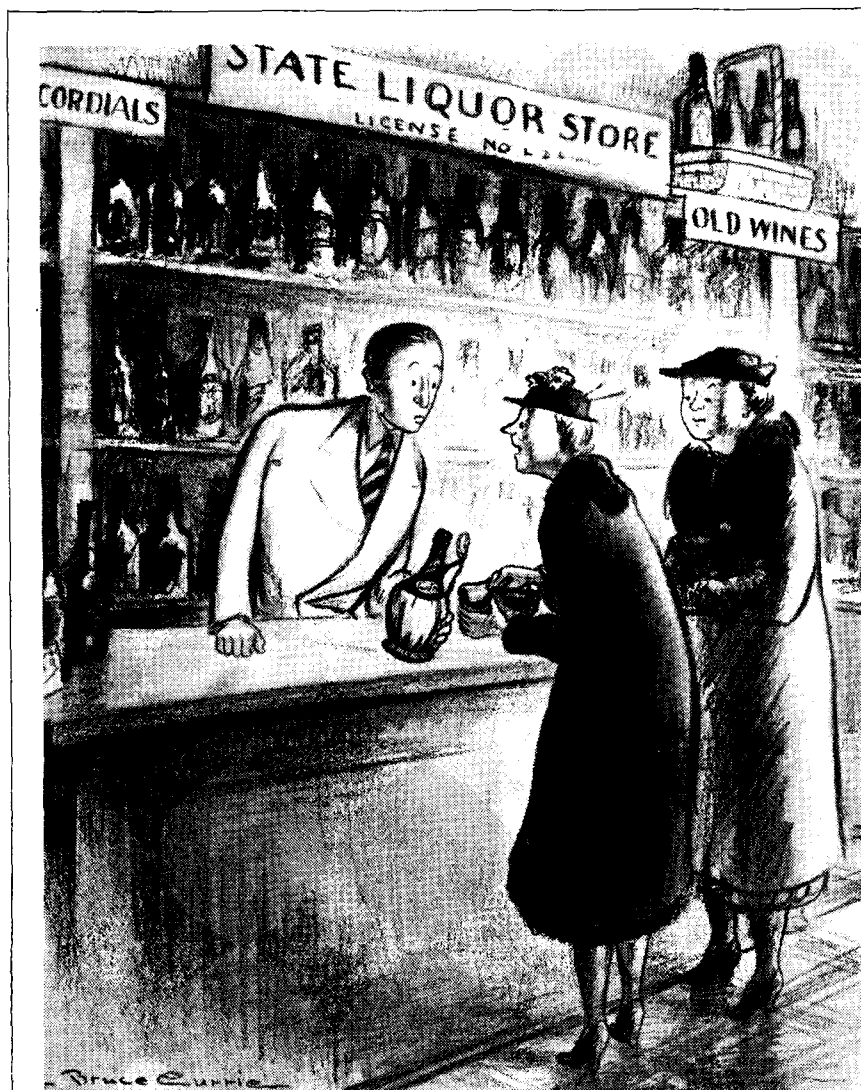
"I don't mean it that way, Linda," he explained. "I mean I really like you."

(To be continued next week)



By Bell System **CONFERENCE TELEPHONE SERVICE** this Cincinnati plant superintendent is talking to the Chicago headquarters on page 48, the St. Louis warehouse manager on page 54, and a Memphis distributor on page 57. SEE PAGES 48, 54, 57 exactly as if they were all sitting around the same table. Conference Telephone Service gets busy executives together quickly and conveniently—saves miles, minutes and money. Try it. Just ask Long Distance for the Conference operator.





"Are you sure it's fresh?"

BRUCE CURRIE



The Road to Care-Free Winter Driving

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Fill up your crankcase with Quaker State Winter Oil and drive off with never a worry about difficult starting or lubrication failure. Refined especially for Winter driving from the finest

Pennsylvania crude oil, Quaker State Winter Oil gives your motor the safest possible protection. Retail price, 35¢ a quart. Quaker State Oil Refining Corporation, Oil City, Pennsylvania.

Up from the Sea in Dishes

Continued from page 22



Teacher's great popularity grows . . . More men everywhere are trying . . . and liking Teacher's tangy mildness and full, rich body. There's smooth satisfaction in Teacher's taste. It's uniform. You'll enjoy it.

Made since 1830 by
Wm. Teacher & Sons, Ltd., Glasgow

SOLE U. S. AGENTS: Schieffelin & Co.,
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the wonderful word "Sobriquet." That word was magic—nobody on Wooster Street had any more idea than my brothers and I that it meant merely nickname. Maybe it was some fancy French dish? My father must have had an intuition of modern advertising. Unconsciously he was creating curiosity, whetting the appetite, and stood by to satisfy both on the spot!

"What's the sobriquet today, Billy?" I've heard them ask a hundred times. Whereupon Billy the Oysterman, with his waving mustaches and his clean apron, would push over the counter his latest effort, a biting shrimp curry, a golden oyster fry. If the customer came back for more the new dish was a success.

No Ironing-Board Girls

And they did come back, not only to eat, but, as business moved northward in the city, to ask my father to move along with them, guaranteeing their support. In 1908 he abandoned the little shop where only the first half-dozen customers could sit inside and the rest had to take their dinner standing on the sidewalk, and opened an oyster bar and live-coal grill in the heart of what was then the big department-store district on Nineteenth Street. The place became all the rage, as we used to say in those Gibson Girl days, and led eventually to the present spacious quarters.

We had come up in the world with a bound. Why, we were serving ladies at luncheon now! Quite a change from the over-the-counter businessmen's trade in Wooster Street. We soon learned that women are the good Lord's gift to a restaurant man, if he's lucky enough to please them with the food he serves. Mind you, these were not the ironing-board girls of today, who peck at a shrimp salad for their lunch and take their oyster stew with milk because cream is fattening. These were ladies who did themselves well, feathered and furred and not at all concerned with whether they could be scaled down to a perfect thirty-six. There are still ladies like that, I thank Heaven, and nothing gives me more pleasure than to help them off with their fine furs and propose some special tasty dish in keeping with their good appetites. I admire these ladies with all my heart.

Well, the ladies came around, full of curiosity about the oyster stew that their husbands smacked their lips over, or Billy's soft-clam pie, which is still a standby on the menu. One of my father's first customers, now a retired lawyer over eighty, makes the trip across the bridge from Brooklyn every Friday for it. The ladies, accustomed to having their cooks slave for hours over a choice dish, gasped when my father told them the whole preparation took twenty minutes. Take fourteen soft clams, he told them, separate the bellies from the strings and chop the strings fine while you parboil the clams five minutes. Chop and brown a medium-sized onion with a tablespoon of butter and a teaspoon of flour, put this sauce with the clams and cook five minutes more. Next pour it into an earthenware casserole, cover with piecrust and bake ten minutes or until the crust is brown.

These things my brother Harvey and I learned at my father's elbow. Our apprenticeship didn't take us abroad, to journey from one great kitchen to another, before the time came for us to step into the first Billy's shoes. Before I was ten I could open a dozen oysters in as many seconds with my round-nosed oyster knife. I could tell almost

to a minute by glancing at a fish's scales, gleaming or dull, or at its pink or pallid gills, how long since it had been swimming in the sea. I knew that customers preferred oysters with a bluish purple tinge rather than those whose tint was green, even though these have the finer flavor—color in food is as important to the appetite as taste. I learned with my ABC's that you simmer, never boil, fish, lest you toughen the delicate flesh; that a dash of lemon juice keeps the tender meat white and firm; that a simple sauce of lemon juice and chopped parsley in melted butter can add a palate-tickling tang even to plain baked porgies.

I learned that ladies choose the more imaginative dishes, like creamed finnan haddie. The gentlemen on the other hand go for the roast beef and steak of the finny world, like swordfish—which can be prepared so that even the fish is pleased. We put a thin veil of flour over it and sauté it in plenty of butter to keep the delicate meat from drying out. Fifteen minutes and frequent turning will make a golden morsel of a swordfish slice a half or three quarters of an inch thick.

I have eaten the famous bouillabaisse of Marseilles since that evening when Dame Nellie Melba, consuming a steaming bowl of fish chowder, vowed that the modest New England dish was the equal of that fish stew connoisseurs cross the ocean to savor. At the time, though, I knew nothing of the grand tours made by epicures through the restaurants and vineyards of France tasting local delicacies and vintages as they went. But it was in just such a spirit of discovery that my father drove by horse and buggy through New England in the early nineteen hundreds, sampling fish dishes. In a Maine village a fisherman's wife had a great iron pot simmering at the back of her kitchen stove. Its pungent odors mingled with the autumn air as my father came along. He refused to leave until he had learned the recipe—and you'll soon see that it has at least one advantage over the famous French dish with its six—or is it sixteen?—species of sea food.

Good and Easy

All you need is simple, home-grown cod, two pounds of it, and about eight large clams or their equivalent in a cup of clam broth. First you simmer the cod in a quart of water for ten minutes, while you chop two medium-sized onions and brown them in an ounce of butter. Peel and slice finely a pound of potatoes, halving each slice. Add these and the onions to the bouillon from which you have removed the fish, and while the pot simmers over a slow fire prepare your clam broth or open a bottle of it, thicken a cupful with an ounce of butter blended with one and one-half tablespoons of flour, and add this to the bouillon. Now put your cod back in, having broken it into small pieces and taken out every little bone. Next pour in a cup of water in which a teaspoon of thyme leaves has been boiled, salt and pepper to taste, and slowly stir in half a pint of thick cream. Mix well, as the cookbook says, and in this case it means just that.

And now do as my father taught me to do, and serve your fish chowder, as all your sea-food dishes, steaming hot, preferably in your grandmother's huge soup tureen if you are lucky enough to have one, the brine-spiced aroma of this great dish heralding its advent into the dining room and setting all the expectant faces there in happy anticipation.



People with "go" are always the most popular. Yet the secret of abounding energy is often merely a matter of keeping regular. For tiredness, headaches, sleeplessness, loss of appetite, mental depression can all be caused by constipation.

Truly, proper elimination is all-important to your well-being. So if more than one day goes by without it, assist Nature. Use Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. This laxative is extremely mild. And Olive Tablets are marvelously effective because they stimulate the liver's secretion of bile without the discomfort of drastic or irritating drugs.

Let Olive Tablets help safeguard your welfare and pep. 15¢, 30¢ and 60¢ at all druggists.

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Works Off Any Storage Battery or Ordinary Light Socket . . . **375**

This New Electric Arc Welder uses about same current as four flashlight bulbs. Can be used on 110 Volt electric light socket or 32 Volt electric light plant by using a Trindl Converter in place of battery.

Melts iron and steel instantly. Welds fenders, radiators, holes in bodies and milk cans, tanks and brazes broken castings.

WORKS ON ANYTHING iron, steel, copper, brass, tin or galvanized metal. Permanent repairs made for almost nothing. Used by factories in many operations. Positive money back guarantee. Agents Wanted. Write for free particulars.

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Get quick relief with Pertussin! This safe, pleasant herbal remedy stimulates the glands in your throat to again pour out their natural moisture. Annoying, sticky phlegm is loosened and easily raised. Your throat is soothed, your cough relieved. Many doctors have prescribed Pertussin for over 30 years for children and grownups. Millions have relieved their coughs by this "moist-throat" method. Pertussin is safe, acts quickly. Economical, too. On sale at all druggists.

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PERTUSSIN

Seck & Kade, Inc., Dept. AB-32, 440 Washington St., N.Y.C. Please send me a large Trial Bottle of Pertussin. I enclose 10¢.

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Address _____

All I Survey

Continued from page 10

"He says us," I said.

He took the telegram and read it.

"He doesn't seem to care how much he says in a telegram, does he? I guess he can afford them."

"I guess he can," I said.

"What are you going to do?" he asked.

I shrugged. "I don't know, Dick. He sent the telegram yesterday. He says he's arriving at West Jordan on Wednesday. That's today. He doesn't know they mail telegrams out here."

He looked at his wrist watch.

"You've got plenty of time to drive down and pick him up," he said. I didn't answer. "Are you going?"

"I don't know," I said.

We sat in silence for a while.

"Alice."

"Yes?"

"Will you get me a drink of water, please?"

"Of course," I said.

I GOT up and went inside. When I came out with the tin dipper he had his shaving mirror in his hand. He was looking at himself carefully, pulling his skin smooth across the jawbone, examining himself from every angle.

"How does it look?" I asked. "Handsome as ever, Dick?"

It was the first joke of the day. It wasn't a good one. He dropped the mirror into his lap and leaned back.

"You know, Alice," he said finally, "you don't grow old gradually." His voice sounded tired. "They say you do, but it's not true. You're young and you're young and you're young and you think you'll always be young. Then one day you look in the mirror, and suddenly you realize it—you're old."

I set the dipper of water down carefully. "You're not old, Dick," I said.

"Yes, I am," he said.

"No, you're not."

"Yes, I am. I'm thirty-eight," he said.

"You're not old," I said.

He didn't answer. He was looking out across the valley, wetting his lips with his tongue. The sun was high above the mountains now. The valley stretched down and away into the distance where the thin streak of silver that was the river disappeared in a gorge that sheltered it for a little while before sending it on its way to the sea. He is fortunate, madam. You are fortunate, madam. I laughed to myself. They were all crazy. Nobody was fortunate. Rivers were fortunate. They didn't have to stay in one place. They didn't have to—

"How old are you, Alice?"

I didn't answer.

"Poor Alice," he said. "You were very young ten years ago, weren't you?"

I didn't answer.

He reached over and took my hand and held it. We did not speak for a long time. Then he looked at his wrist watch.

"There's still time to meet his train."

"I don't know," I said.

"I think you should," he said. "He's always been a good friend."

"If you—"

"I think you should, Alice."

"All right," I said.

I SWUNG the car in to the station and parked it at right angles to the tracks. I was early. I sat there in the car and stared helplessly at the dashboard, at the station, at the mountains beyond. I didn't know what to do or think. I just sat there.

The whistle of the train coming up the valley shook me out of it. I looked toward it quickly. It was so close! I took out my purse and propped the small mirror above the steering wheel. I combed my hair hastily, nervously. I



"You would choose a time like this for your boat drill!"

DOROTHY MC KAY

Morning-After?

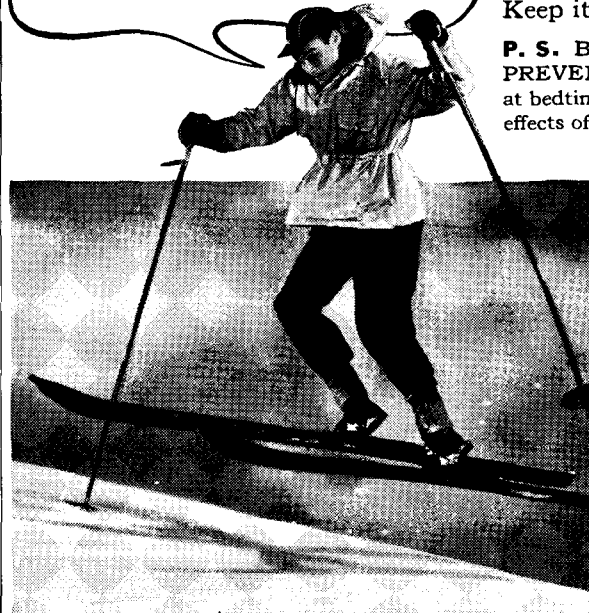
**SMART FOLKS
SNAP OUT OF
THEM THIS WAY**

**LONG HOURS—HARD
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**OUT LATE—BUT CLEAR-
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"I take Bromo-Seltzer after being out late. It helps prevent headache—relaxes nervous tension. Another Bromo-Seltzer in the morning leaves me peppier."

ALBERT B. DISS, Ski Expert
Helps prevent
morning-after

BROMO-SELTZER

MORNING-AFTER headaches may come from upset stomach, nervous strain or parties. Doctors' tests proved Bromo-Seltzer relieves such headaches *faster* than any other remedy they tested!

It does more for you, too. Not only eases headache pain . . . it also helps settle an upset stomach . . . soothes nerves . . . **ALKALIZES**. Makes you feel keener, more ready for the job or for play.

You can get Bromo-Seltzer at all drugstores and soda fountains. Keep it at home, too!

P. S. Bromo-Seltzer can also help **PREVENT** morning-after, if you take it at bedtime. Another after waking checks effects of fatigue from a late bedtime.

This St. Louis warehouse manager is in conference, by Bell System CONFERENCE TELEPHONE SERVICE, with the big boss in Chicago (see page 48), the Cincinnati plant superintendent (see page 51), and a Memphis distributor (see page 57). Miles apart, the four men SEE PAGES 48, 51, 57 talk and listen in turn on the same connection. Conference Telephone Service is the fast, easy way to get information direct to the right people, with thorough discussion for complete understanding.



BOYS! MONEY AND A BIKE!

BOYS, 12 to 16! Three hundred big prizes, including athletic equipment, movie machine, coaster wagon, musical instruments—and this de luxe Silver King bicycle! Bike is fully equipped. Bow-arch streamlined frame, made of sturdy aluminum alloy; 20% lighter than most bikes. Built low; long wheel base. Swift, flashy, sturdy!

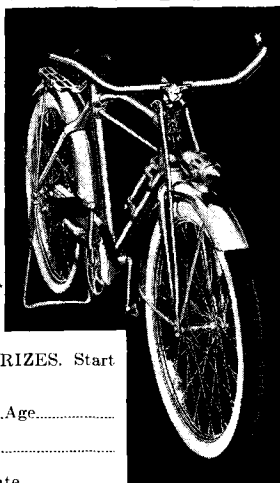
Earn this bike, any of our other prizes, and make MONEY! It's easy. Just obtain customers in your neighborhood and deliver our magazines to them. Many boys earn a prize the first day. So can you. Rush us the coupon and we'll start you!

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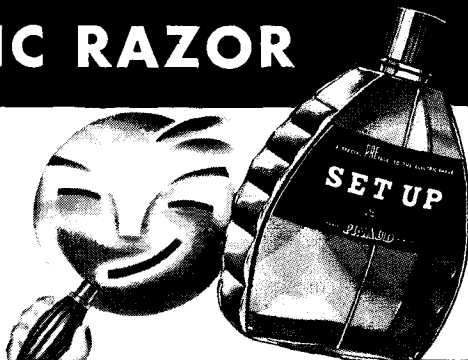
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an erect position so that your
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\$1 MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

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Rub on beard... LET DRY... then shave



was angry with myself. I had been sitting there so long, doing nothing, and now— I put the comb aside and looked at my face in the mirror. I looked at it carefully. What was it Dick had said? You thought you were young and then one day you looked in the mirror— He was wrong. He couldn't be right. I dropped the mirror into my purse and snapped it shut. He couldn't be right. I needed lipstick. I needed powder. I needed—oh, there were so many things!

"West Jordan," the conductor called. I looked across the windshield at the station and then I saw him.

He was standing on the platform, holding an expensive yellow bag, and squinting at the people and cars in front of the station. He was tall and well-dressed and thickset. He had gotten heavier, but he was still handsome. Not in Dick's thin, nervous way, but in a dignified, important way. He told people how to do things. He gave orders. "Alice!"

I FELT happy. He had recognized me. Without lipstick and without powder and without—

"Alice! How are you?"

He set his bag down on the running board and took both my hands.

"Harold," I said. "How are you?"

He squeezed my hands and held them for a long moment.

"You look wonderful," he said. "It's been eight years, but you look wonderful."

I didn't, but I liked to hear him say it.

"You look wonderful, too," I said.

He stood erect and drew in his chin.

"I'm getting fat," he said.

"No, you're not," I said.

He smiled again and then his face became serious. "How's Dick?"

"He's all right, Harold."

He ran his hand across his chin.

"Any—?" he began.

"The same," I said. "He's the same."

"Poor Alice," he said.

It was the password for the day.

"Poor Alice," I said and laughed.

He didn't laugh. He picked up his bag and put it in the rear of the car. Then he climbed in beside me and I stepped on the starter.

"You know why I came, Alice?" he asked.

"You're sailing for England," I said. "You wanted to see us."

"No," he said. "That's what I put in the telegram. You know why I came?"

I knew but I didn't speak.

"Isn't ten years long enough?" he asked.

It was long enough. It was too long.

"I don't know, Harold."

He put his hand over mine on the wheel.

"Don't misunderstand me, Alice. I'm in a strange position. The things I say to you wouldn't sound right to third parties. But you understand how I feel, don't you, Alice? This isn't something that's just started. This goes back a long time, Alice, before there was a Dick on the scene. This goes back to the time when you and I—"

"I understand, Harold," I said.

"I wouldn't care if everything were working out all right," he said. "I wouldn't interfere if everything were all right. But it's hopeless. I stayed away for eight years, Alice. I didn't want to, but I did. Now you've given it a fair trial. You've done it for ten years. You aren't getting anywhere. It'll just go on and on like this forever. I can't see you doing it, Alice. Your life is as important as his. You've got a right to love just as much as he—"

I kicked the accelerator savagely. The car leaped ahead. They all talked the same way. They all used the same words. All men were like that. And not one of them knew what he was talking about.

"Love," I said. I laughed. "What can you tell me about love, Harold?"

"Alice," he said, "I—"

"Oh, shut up!" I cried. "Shut up!"

I raced the car crazily up the smooth road and then, when it began to dip into our particular section of the valley, I began to slow down again.

"I'm sorry," I said finally. He stared straight ahead, without speaking. "I didn't mean to talk that way, Harold."

"That's all right," he said.

Perhaps it was, for him.

"Don't you see," I said desperately, "I don't want love. I've had enough love to last me a lifetime. I've had all the love any one woman can stand. I've had so much love that I'm stifled. I don't want love. I just want to live for a while before it's too late. I want to do the things other women get a chance to do and that I've never been able to do. I'd like to own something, to know that at least this much is mine. I'd like to feel for once that I'm not just a leaf or a scrap of paper, floating in the wind, from one cure to another." I laughed bitterly. "Why, I've never owned a square inch of ground. I've never had a chair or a table that I could call my own. I've never even had a clock of my own that I could wind. We have nothing, we own nothing, we don't belong to anything, we're rootless. That's what love did to me," I said. We were approaching our trail. I let the car coast. "And then you come offering me love. I've eaten until I'm ready to burst, and you come offering me another helping of dessert."

I brought the car to a halt in front of the mailbox and climbed out. There was nothing in it. I got into the car again.

"I'm sorry if I didn't say the right thing, Alice." His voice was deep and troubled. "I suppose love is a bad word to use indiscriminately. I've never used it much, so I don't know. But the things you speak about, Alice, those are precisely the things that I want to give you, that I can give you. Those are the things that you've never had and that you'll never have as long as—"

"As long as Dick lives," I finished. "Or as long as I remain with him."

His jaw set firmly.

"If you put it that way, yes," he said. "You've given him ten years of your life. Now is the time for him to give you something. I know Dick. If you ask for your freedom, he'll give it to you. You know that, Alice."

I KNEW it, all right. But that was not one of the things that made asking for it any easier.

"I don't know, Harold," I said.

"Alice, you can't go on like this."

"I've got to think it over, Harold," I said.

"You've been thinking it over for ten years."

At least five, anyway. The first five you don't think.

"I've got to think it over for a while," I said.

He turned sideways to face me.

"Alice, don't be a child. You know you've thought this over. And you know you've reached a decision. Why do you keep on fooling yourself? You're not fooling me and I know you're not fooling Dick. Why do you keep fooling yourself?"

Lord, the things men didn't know!

"Give me a little time," I said.

The car came out into the clearing in front of the cabin. Dick was still on the porch in his wheel chair. He raised his arm and waved feebly. We waved back. I stopped the car. We climbed out and Harold took his bag from the rear.

"Alice," he said in a low voice. "Why don't you—?"

"Give me until tomorrow," I said. We were approaching the porch. Dick was

wheeling himself toward the steps. "I'll give you my decision in the morning," I said.

I DIDN'T know how long I had been sitting there, watching the valley from my window, but I knew it was very late. I couldn't sleep. I had a blanket around my shoulders and another one across my legs. The moon was high and bright and a low mist hung in the mountains. It was very beautiful. It got colder and colder but I didn't move. I wanted another blanket for my shoulders but I couldn't get up. I couldn't think. I couldn't do anything. I just sat there.

"Alice! Alice!"

His voice came up so weakly that I scarcely heard it.

I threw off the blankets and pulled on my kimono. If there had been the slightest movement, if I had not been sitting still, I would not have heard him.

"Alice!"

I ran down the stairs quickly and threw open his door. The moonlight was coming in through the window across his face.

"Dick," I said. "What's the matter?"

He didn't answer. He moved his head slightly and feebly. I ran to the bed.

"Dick," I cried.

He smiled faintly and his lips moved, but he did not speak. I jumped up and ran to the kitchen. I filled a basin with water and rolled a handful of gauze pads into a wad. I hurried back to him and wiped his face.

"Don't be afraid, Dick," I whispered. "You'll be all right."

He smiled again. I patted his forehead once or twice.

I ran out and knocked on the door of the other ground-floor room. Harold opened it immediately. He hadn't been sleeping, either. He looked frightened. "What's wrong?" he asked.

"It's Dick," I said quickly. "Stay with him, Harold, will you? I've got to drive down for the doctor. It's happened before. Too much excitement for one day. Stay with him. Please."

I turned away and he grabbed my arm.

"You stay with him," he said. "I'll get the doctor."

"No," I said. "I know the road. I won't be long. Stay with him."

I wrenched my arm free and grabbed a coat as I ran through the door. He followed me out onto the porch. I climbed into the car and started it.

"Be careful, Alice," he called.

"All right," I called back.

He waved and I swung the car into the road going down. It was rough, and the lights did not help much because of the mist, but I had made the trip too

often to go wrong. I wasn't worried about the road. I was worried about the car. I had never gone down at such speed. But I couldn't drive slowly. I could see Dick's face. If I didn't do this quickly, I wouldn't do it at all. The car skidded from the last incline of the trail to the smoothness of the state road. I turned the nose sharply for West Jordan and hunched over the wheel. This part was easy. The car was old but it could still do sixty and better. It did much better.

The doctor was wonderful. He came to the door in his bathrobe and recognized me. I said, "My husband," and a minute later he was beside me on the front seat, holding his bag on his lap with one hand and his coat collar at his throat with the other, while we roared back through West Jordan and down into the valley. Above the noise of the car I explained what I had seen and what I had done. He nodded. When we turned off the state road into the trail and began to climb I felt scared. I didn't know if the car could make it. It could go down fast and it could streak along the state road to West Jordan but I didn't know if it could climb fast. I didn't care what it would do. Later it could fall apart, it could explode. I didn't care. All I wanted it to do was keep going just this once. All I wanted it to do was get us up there just this one more time. That wasn't a lot to ask. Just once. It wasn't— Halfway up it began to spit, but I didn't stop. I kept feeding it gas. The wheels wobbled so much that I had to grip the wheel tightly with both hands. Near the top, just below the clearing, the car stalled. I kicked the starter savagely, but the motor wouldn't turn over. We began to slip back. I swung the wheel over hard to the left. The car nosed into the trees and brush at the side of the trail and stopped. We climbed out and ran up to the clearing and across the rough lawn to the cabin.

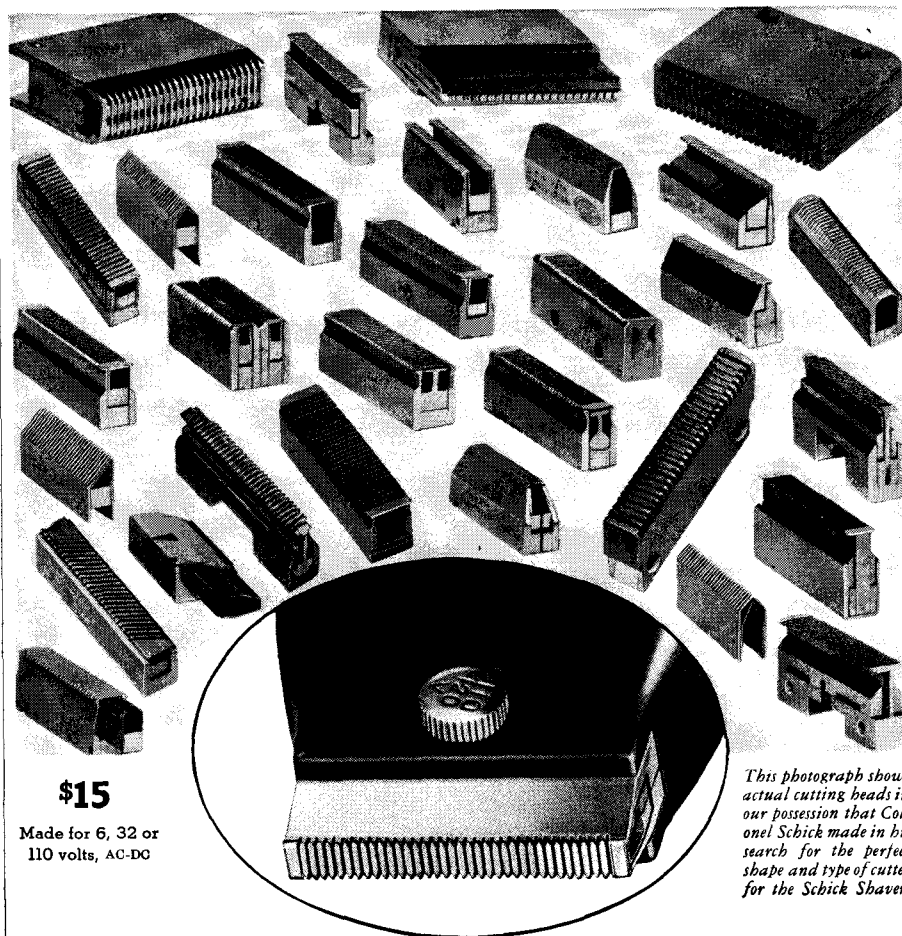
THERE was a light in Dick's room. When we opened the door Harold came out.

"He's resting quietly," he said.

"Thanks, Harold," I said.

"That's all right," he said.

I tried to follow the doctor into the room, but he motioned me back. I stood outside the door for a moment and then walked out on the porch. I stood at the sagging rail and looked down on the mist that covered the valley. Harold came out and stood beside me. We remained like that for a long time, without talking. I knew what he was thinking and I knew he thought he knew what I was thinking. He was wrong. He didn't



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This photograph shows actual cutting heads in our possession that Colonel Schick made in his search for the perfect shape and type of cutter for the Schick Shaver.

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BEFORE Colonel Schick sold the first dry shaver to the public, he experimented with dozens of different shapes and types of cutters some of which are shown in the photograph above. These cutters represent twenty years' thought, much labor and considerable money. Schick spent a fortune (derived from another invention) making these and other cutters.

Eventually he evolved the flat cutter with the thin upper plate of such precise dimensions, such accuracy, that there were no known methods to manufacture it in quantities.

Then he found the ways and means, invented machines and methods, to produce thousands a day.

Schick couldn't improve his own cutter

Colonel Schick spent years trying to invent a better cutter than the present type.

Inevitably and always he came back to this truth: There is no theoretical or practical improvement to be made in the Schick principle of shaving. All that we, or anyone else, can do is to improve and refine the mechanism for using that principle.

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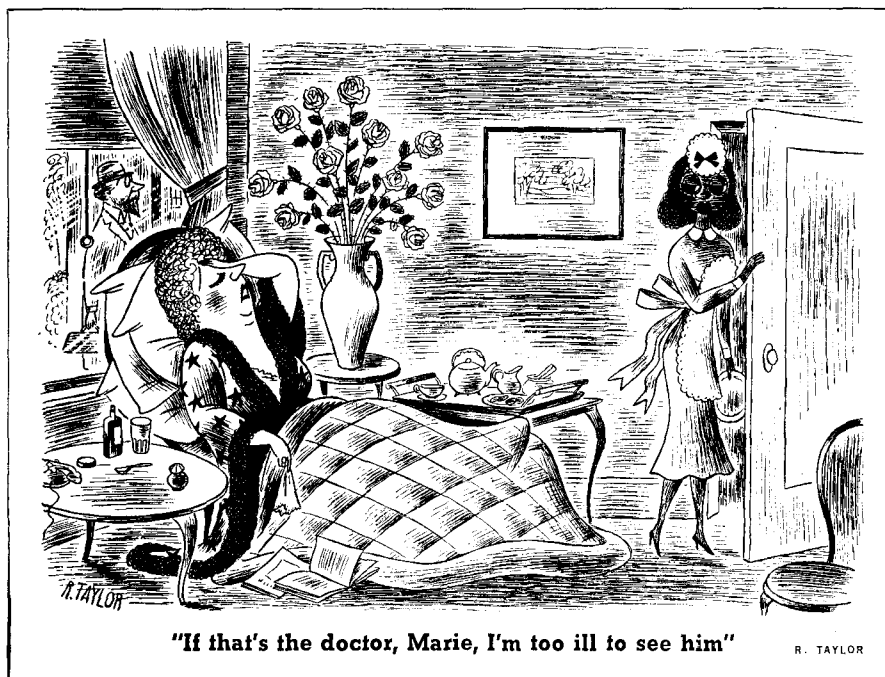
But, regardless of patents, we have years of leadership, more than a million-and-a-half happy users, many thousands of unsolicited testimonials, and have emerged from the severest test of all—six years of TIME—which experience no other shaver has had.

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know what I was thinking. But we didn't talk. There was nothing we could say.

Finally the door inside opened and closed. I hurried into the house. The doctor was standing outside Dick's room, wiping his hands. I looked at him and he smiled reassuringly.

"He's all right," he said.

I didn't answer. I went past him quickly, into Dick's room. I stopped short at the bed, but I didn't touch him. He was lying on his back, his eyes closed, breathing regularly. He looked peaceful and rested. I swallowed hard and looked at him for a long time.

Finally, the door opened behind me and I turned. The doctor was coming into the room. Harold was behind him and the doctor didn't see him until he turned to close the door. He looked at him curiously for a moment and then said, "I should like to talk to Mrs. Giles alone."

"Of course," Harold said. "I'm sorry."

He looked at me and smiled. I tried to smile back. I owed him that for what he had done. But I couldn't smile. Finally he went out.

"How is he, Doctor?" I asked.

He pursed his lips and shrugged.

"He's all right now," he said. "Close call this time. If you had reached my house ten minutes later, if you had driven more slowly—" He shrugged again. "He's all right now," he said.

We were talking in whispers.

"Why do you say now, Doctor? He's all right, isn't he?"

He looked at me steadily for a long time before speaking.

"I could lie to you, Mrs. Giles."

"Don't lie to me," I said.

"It's hopeless," he said.

I looked at his lips as he talked. He had a little mustache with gray hairs in it.

"You mean he's not going to—?"

"No, no," he said. "He'll pull through this all right. But—"

He paused.

"But what?"

"Well—"

"You can tell me, Doctor."

He ran his finger across the small mustache and ruffled it. Several of the hairs were disturbed and stuck out of the smooth pattern.

"It's hopeless," he said. "He'll never get well. You know that."

I nodded. I knew a lot of things.

"Yes," I said. "I know that."

"The way he is now, the care you've been giving him—well, I don't know, he can last indefinitely. There's no telling. If you take care of him the way you have been, he may outlive all of us." He combed the ruffled hairs back into his mustache with his forefinger. "If you put him into a sanitarium, well, in a sanitarium I give him three months."

"Thank you, Doctor," I said.

He looked at me curiously.

"What are you going to do?"

"It'll be all right," I said. "I've made up my mind. Thank you."

He patted my shoulder and went out.

I AWOKE early and got out of bed. I hadn't had much sleep but I felt fine.

Dick was awake when I tiptoed into his room. I came close to his bed and kissed him.

"Good morning, darling," I said. "How do you feel?"

"I'm all right," he said.

"You shouldn't wake up so early."

"I've been thinking," he said. "I couldn't sleep."

He was looking at me carefully, gravely, with his head turned on the pillow so that a thin roll of skin had gathered between his cheek and his shoulder.

"Sit down, Alice," he said.

I started to walk to the other side of the room for a chair but he stopped me.

"No, sit here," he said. He patted the

bed beside him. I sat down carefully.

"What's the matter, Dick?"

"I was pretty bad last night, wasn't I?"

"It's nothing," I said. "You've had them before. The doctor said it was nothing."

He smiled faintly.

"I heard him," he said distinctly. I didn't move. I held my breath. "I was too weak to open my eyes," he said. "but I heard him. I heard everything."

It was a long time before I could speak.

"Don't listen to him," I said. "You never listen to doctors, Dick. They don't know anything. You always say they don't know anything, Dick."

He took my hand and held it on the blanket. Mine was very cold.

"Not about medicine," he said. "They don't know anything about medicine. They look at you solemnly and tell you to go here and go there and they take your money, but they don't know anything about medicine. They never cure you." He paused and released my hand to pat it gently. "But they get around so much and see so many different kinds of people that they get smart in other ways. They know a lot, Alice. They don't know anything about medicine," he said, "but they give good advice—if you're smart enough to get it."

I WANTED to cry. I hadn't cried in years, but suddenly I wanted to cry.

"I don't listen to advice," I said. "I'm like you, Dick. I never listen to advice."

He wet his lips with his tongue.

"It was good advice, Alice. This time it was good advice. I think you ought to take it."

They took you and tore you away from everything you knew and wanted. They dragged you back and forth across the earth for ten years until you were so battered and bruised that nothing seemed to make any sense. Then, when you went through it all and you came out with the knowledge that they were all you wanted and that nothing else mattered, when you knew you weren't any good for anything else, they wanted to cut the moorings and turn you loose. After it was all over they told you to take advice.

"I never take advice," I said. "I don't want to take it."

"I want you to take it," he said.

"No," I said. "I don't care."

He squeezed my hand hard.

"When you're sick for ten years," he said finally, "you get very selfish. You forget about everything but yourself and you take the rest of the world for granted. Doctors, nurses, money, everything. Even your wife." I tried to put my hand on his mouth but he brushed it away. "Please, Alice, let me speak."

"All right," I said.

"Then something happens, it doesn't matter what—a telegram comes or you have a relapse, it doesn't matter what; when you're sick for ten years everything is the same—something happens and you wake up. I woke up yesterday," he said quietly, "and I woke up so hard that I couldn't sleep the rest of the night. You know what I've done to you, Alice?"

"You haven't done anything to me," I said.

I was telling the truth. I knew that at last.

"Yes, I have," he said. "I promised you the world, and what did I give you? Ten years of nursing, ten years of chasing me across the world hunting for health. Why, darling, you've never had a house, you've never had a home, you've never had children. You've never had anything! What have you got to show for your ten years?"

I had everything.

"I know you won't speak," he said. "You never speak. You've never said a word in ten years. That's why I'm speak-

**"I Couldn't Sit,
Couldn't Stand,
Couldn't Even
Lie Down!"**



**... The Suffering I
Had to Bear in Secret"**

WHAT a toll Piles take! The pain is excruciating and a drain physically and mentally. The sad part about this affliction is that, on account of the delicacy of the subject, many hesitate to seek relief. Yet nothing is more fraught with danger than a bad case of Piles, ending, as it may, in serious trouble.

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ing now. I should have said it before, but I didn't know. Now I know. If you won't take the doctor's advice, I will."

"No," I said.

"Yes, I will," he said. "I'm going to a sanitarium. There's enough money left for that. I'm taking myself out of the way. I should have done it long ago, but it isn't too late."

"Yes, it is," I said.

"No, it isn't," he said. "You're young, Alice. I'm in your way. I know that. I've never really been blind, I just didn't want to look. Now I'm looking. There's Harold—there are other—"

The door opened quickly and Harold came in. He stopped short and looked at us.

"Oh," he said, "I'm sorry. I wanted to see how—"

He started to back out, pulling the door shut in front of him.

"Don't go," I called. "Please come in, Harold." He stood there, hesitating. "Please come in," I said.

He came in and faced us awkwardly.

"How are you, Dick?" he asked.

"I'm fine," Dick said.

I BROKE the silence in the room.

"I promised to tell you something this morning, Harold," I said. "I promised to give you my decision."

He looked embarrassed.

"There's no hurry, Alice," he said. "I can wait until—"

"No," I said. "I'd rather you didn't wait, Harold. I've made up my mind." He looked at me anxiously. "I'm sorry, Harold," I said gently, "but the answer is no."

His face settled into the grim lines of disappointment. I felt sorry for him. The day before I had felt sorry for myself. Now I felt sorry for him.

"I'm sorry, Harold," I said.

He didn't answer. He turned to go.

"Harold!" Dick cried. "Don't listen to her! She's only saying it to—"

I put my hand over his mouth. When you've fought for something for ten

years, when you've fought for it without even knowing you were fighting, you don't want to lose it just when the realization comes that you've won.

"I meant every word I said, Harold." He had turned back hopefully, had taken a step toward me. "I'm sorry, Harold, but it can't be helped. The answer is still no."

He turned and walked out of the room. We heard him go to his room and come out again and walk through the house and down the porch. A few minutes later we saw him cross the clearing, carrying his yellow bag, and disappear down the trail. We were alone on the mountain.

"Alice," Dick said.

I took him in my arms and held him close to me.

"Don't talk," I said. "Don't say anything, darling."

"All the things you wanted," he said. "All the things you've never had. You've thrown them all away."

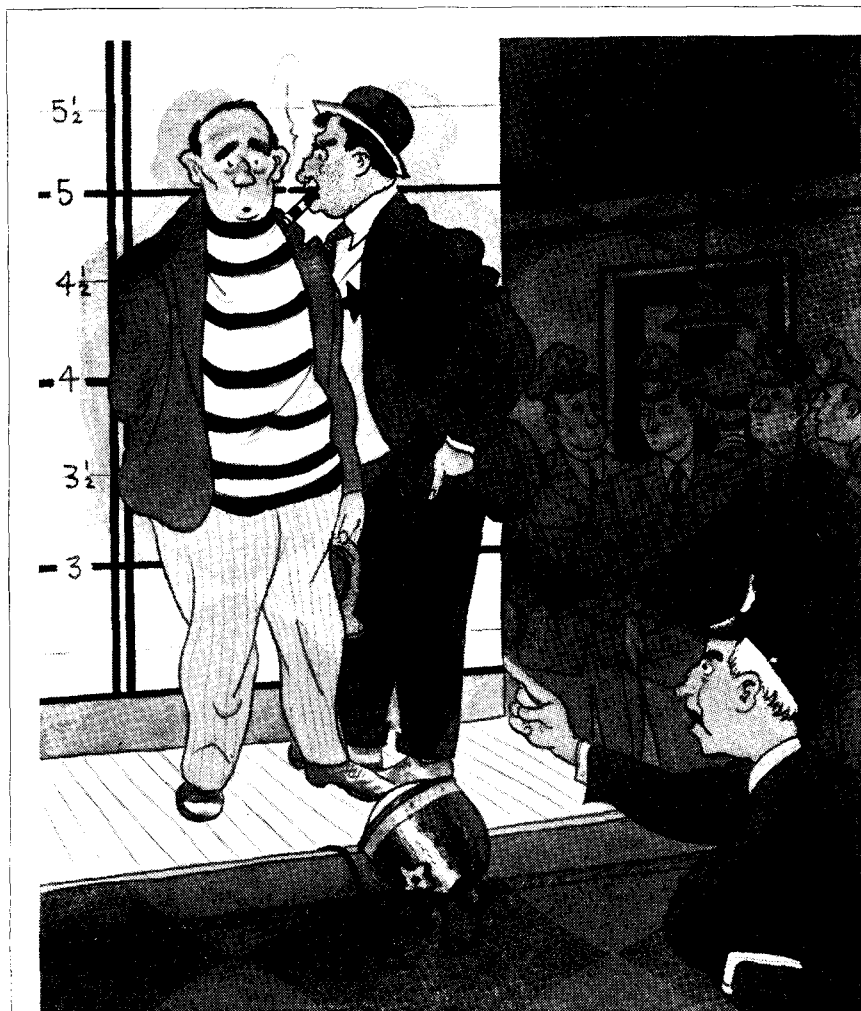
"I don't want them," I said. "I don't need them. I don't have any room for them. I have too much."

I held him very close to me with one arm and pointed out the window with the other.

"Those other things, the little things that other women have, they don't matter," I said.

"But, darling," he said, "you've never had—"

"I don't care," I said. I swept my arm across the window to take in the whole valley. "See all that?" I said very quietly. "See those mountains, Dick, and those fields, and that river rushing away in the distance?" His head was close to mine and our cheeks touched as we looked out at the valley in the morning. "All those things, Dick, those mountains, the river, the trees, as far as your eye can look, see all that, Dick?" He nodded slowly and I squeezed him more tightly to me. "Everything we're looking at, all of it," I said softly, "we own all that. It's all ours," I whispered.



"All right, Mullins, you can stop shadowing him now!"

LAWRENCE LARIAR

It's an important discussion for this Memphis distributor. He's getting information from Chicago headquarters on page 48, the Cincinnati plant on page 51, and the St. Louis warehouse on page 54, all on the same telephone connection, by Bell System CONFERENCE TELEPHONE SERVICE. Conference calls are easy to make and inexpensive. Up to six telephones, any distance apart, can be connected at once. Just ask Long Distance for the Conference operator.



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Room at the Top

THOSE who think that American industry no longer offers juicy opportunities to energetic, talented boys and girls might consider the case of Benjamin F. Fairless, the new chief executive of the United States Steel Corporation.

Mr. Fairless is still young as executives go. Just forty-eight years ago he was born at Pidgeon Run, Ohio, the son of a coal miner. The privileges bought of riches were certainly not his. His path was not made smooth by friendships formed in the more elegant preparatory schools. He went to college at his own expense. He taught school. Later he found a job with a steel company. Within twenty-odd years the coal miner's child was the head man of the biggest steel company in the world.

Doubtless he had rivals. Many of them came from families of wealth and prestige. The directors of the corporation, who themselves are generally men of wealth and prestige, decided, however, that the candidate from Pidgeon Run was the man they wanted.

Think this is an exceptional experience? Look around at some of the other men and women conspicuous because of their accomplishments. You don't have to restrict your attention to industry although there is plenty to see there.

Take motorcars, for instance. The automotive industry is now the largest. William C. Knudsen, president of General Motors, came to the United States from Denmark as a boy of twenty. He got a job in a shipyard, later worked for Henry Ford and finally went to General Motors. The sons of many rich men doubtless wanted the fat jobs in the motor company but the immigrant from Denmark had the qualities which led him to the top.

Henry Ford and Walter P. Chrysler were not born to privilege. Each created the vast corporation which bears his name. They survived and advanced because of their qualities. Nobody gave them privileged consideration. Wealth, college connections, family association, contributed nothing to their progress.

Owen D. Young, chairman of General Electric, taught when he first emerged from law school. Gerard Swope, president of the same company, began as a helper after he had been graduated from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Mr. Swope went ahead in spite of the fact that his family could afford to send him to college.

The new president of the Union Pacific Railroad, William Martin Jeffers, was born in North Platte, Nebraska. He got his first job as office



boy when he was fourteen years old. Ever since he has worked for the Union Pacific. He was educated by his jobs.

These industrial leaders are not exceptional. University presidents, surgeons, lawyers, writers are recruited in the same fashion. Thomas E. Dewey, the brilliant young prosecutor of criminal gangs, came to New York a very few years ago, uncertain whether to seek his fortune as a singer or as an attorney. President Conant of Harvard was the bright child of poor parents and was himself unknown until Harvard needed a new and able president. Nobody gave Dewey or Conant any consideration because of any inherited privileges. Each was chosen because difficult jobs called for the services of highly talented men.

In the arts and in other professions, recognition for the gifted is spectacularly swift. The successful entertainer is the man or woman who has the talents. There are famous theatrical and circus families but their fame was earned in earlier generations. Today the great actors, the great singers, the great musicians, the great novelists, always the famous athletes, are those made conspicuous and interesting by their developed gifts.

Nothing is more certain than the use of the boy or girl of unusual qualities. This tendency is world-wide. However much Americans may oppose and despise the ideas for which they stand, the bald fact is that an Austrian painter and paper hanger is the leader of Germany, and the son of a blacksmith is the man to whom all in Italy must do obeisance.

Obviously, those who talk about the disappearance of opportunity in the United States, or in any other modern country, are ignoring the important reality. Not every boy or girl who studies the violin is going to be a Jascha Heifetz or a Fritz Kreisler. Not every student of science is destined to make discoveries of world-wide utility and importance. Not every boy or girl who casts sheep's eyes at Hollywood is going to be a famous star. One thing, however, is utterly certain. With average luck only those who have unusual qualities are going to the top. Merit, not favor, is the driving force.

In years of change and uncertainty we tend curiously to forget these fundamentals. The leaders of today are, for the greater number, those who have emerged in spite of the hardships and difficulties of the past decade.

The certainty that with average luck gifted boys and girls will be recognized despite poverty does not mean that the social reforms intended to better the condition of the average, or even the handicapped, are unnecessary or undesirable. On the contrary, governments should concern themselves with the problems and plights of the great majorities and very particularly with those unable to manage their own affairs successfully.

The gifted who have energy and persistence will fulfill their ambitions in the future as in the past. Opportunity has not been diminished. Actually new fields are forever being opened. We are a hopeful people because we know we are free to go as far as our capacities will carry us.

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